

June 25^c

Fimplay



The World Movie Problem

Do not miss reading our interview with Will Hays
under *The Forum* in this issue of

Mr. Hays: "It is for
the people that I
am going to work"

Filmplay

FILMPLAY: We gladly
tender the use of our
pages to the furtherance
of Mr. Hays' ambition

Wherein he tells what he hopes to accomplish in the moving picture industry.
The Forum henceforth will be a regular feature in FILMPLAY which should render constructive service to the silent drama by reflecting the views of the people

In This Number May Also Be Found

Charming Mae Murray

All women are interested in *hats*.
And they surely will not go far
wrong if Miss Murray's suggestions
are followed.

Constance Binney

A close-up analysis of this popular
star by her sister, Faire Binney,
writing under the department, "Stars
by Those Who Know Them Best."

Madge Kennedy—Film Feminist

Gladys Hall's third article of the
series, "The Serious Side of the Women
of the Screen," tells about Miss
Kennedy's wonderful development.

The Japanese Carpet of Bagdad

The fourth article in FILMPLAY's
series, "Around the World With the
Movies," gives the kind of pictures
the Japanese are interested in.

How Polish Is Pola?

Glendon Allvine tells about Miss Negri's
rise from an obscure ribbon clerk in a
department store in Berlin.

Bill Duncan's Early Training

His vivid recital of incidents in his childhood
will make interesting reading for
both young and old. He's also "some"
artist.

Studio to Dead Storage Vault

Virginia Thatcher Morris presents the
history of marketing films, from "infancy
to the grave."

Edith Johnson

The original kodak girl. Harold Howe
tells how she just naturally drifted into
motion pictures.

Why Photoplays Are Rejected

Jerome Lachenbruch gives some timely
"Dos" and "Don'ts" to amateur scenario
writers.

The Norrises

A team of literary giants that have turned
their attention to the screen.

The Poetry of Doris Kenyon

Dorothea B. Herzog writes entertainingly
about this popular star and her verse.

Out of the West

Newsy notes about favorite actors and
actresses, forthcoming productions, etc.

A Cartoon of Marion Davies by Mark Tobey

USUAL COLORED INSERT OF POPULAR FILM PLAYERS

The Editor's Page

THE tremendous number of motion picture theatres in the United States and their convenient locations in almost every neighborhood makes it difficult to realize that one of the greatest problems now facing picture producers is the finding of houses in which to show their products. The war has been the biggest factor in causing the shortage of theatres, particularly in Europe, for the suspension of necessary building during the days of strife has resulted in an embargo being placed on the erection of new theatres, they being classed as "luxuries."

This is especially true in England, where theatres are so scarce that the pictures which we are seeing today in this country will not be shown for at least a year, the theatres being booked solid with old releases until that time.

France, too, has been so busy rebuilding her devastated territory that she has paid little attention to the building of motion picture theatres. The interest in pictures, however, has continued to increase, with the result that people clamor to get into the remodeled shops, which take the place of our splendid new theatres. At least 2,000 new theatres could be built in France with the assurance that they would be well patronized.

This great problem of the producers, as well as a discussion of the great part American-made pictures are playing in the development of the motion picture industry throughout the world, serves as the theme of the exceedingly interesting article, *The Reconstruction Problem of the Movies*, by O. R. Geyer, in this issue of FILMPLAY. Mr. Geyer has made an exhaustive study of movie conditions throughout the world, and he writes with splendid authority on a question of vital importance to the future development of motion pictures.

Among the greatest admirers of American-made films are the Japanese. American movie stars find that their correspondence from Japanese "fans" often exceeds that which comes to them from their fellow citizens. This month's FILMPLAY publishes an article by Philip Kerby, *The Japanese Carpet of Bagdad*, which tells of pictures and picture audiences in Japan. It is one of FILMPLAY's series, *Around the World With the Movies*, and is the first article dealing with the picture situation in the East. Next month Janet Flanner, who has returned to Europe, writes of motion pictures in Rome in an entertaining article entitled *Thumbs Down on the Roman Movies*. At present Miss Flanner is in Vienna, and plans in the near future to go to Berlin, so that FILMPLAY's readers may soon expect interesting reports of the picture situation in those cities. Another early article will deal with Swedish pictures and the splendid theatres of Stockholm, which compare favorably with the finest of the new picture palaces in America.

WHEN Pola Negri suddenly flashed across the screen of this country in the title role of *Passion*, critics everywhere acclaimed her as one of the greatest of screen actresses. Immediately the public became curious about her, and many were the tales which were circulated. She was said to be a German by some and Polish by others. Now at last we have the true story. Pola Negri is a Polish patriot who, although she is being starred in German-made films, is devoting the greater part of her earnings to the cause of Polish freedom. Read Glendon Allvine's story about her in this issue of FILMPLAY. It will settle for once and all the questions which may have arisen in your mind concerning her.

IT IS not often that both sides of a married couple are successful in the same profession. Charles G. and Kathleen Norris are exceptions to the general rule. Both of them have attained places in the first rank of American novelists, and both of them are transplanting their work from the printed page to the silver screen. What they think of pictures, how they work, how they have helped each other along the road to success is told in the article, *Introducing the Norrises*, in the current issue of FILMPLAY. Arthur Denison, who writes of them, has not given them the usual set type of interview in which to tell their story, but has caught them after a dinner at the home of a mutual friend, and they have talked to him freely and without formality.

WE HAVE often told you that FILMPLAY is the different magazine of the screen. We have written of the people who have told us how unusual they consider FILMPLAY and its policy of accuracy and truth. This month we have added another interested reader in the person of Will Hays, former Postmaster-General, and now the executive head of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America. In a recent issue FILMPLAY published an open letter to Mr. Hays calling his attention to the many responsibilities and opportunities which lay before him in his position. The letter interested him so much that he called FILMPLAY to his office to discuss the letter and to answer it as well as he could so soon after undertaking his new job. What he had to say, what he hopes to do for pictures, and his promise to the people of America, will be found in this issue on the new Forum page. This page also carries letters from readers telling what they would do if they had Mr. Hays' job. The Forum will be open to FILMPLAY's readers for the discussion of all questions pertaining to pictures, their progress and development, at all times.

Harold Harvey



When are these coming? Use the phone!



When are
these coming?
Use the phone!

BETTY COMPSON IN "The Green Temptation"

See beautiful Betty Compson as the dance-idol of Paris! This picture is the real thing in Parisian night life.

From "The Noose," by Constance Lindsay Skinner. Scenario by Monte M. Katterjohn and Julia Crawford Ivers. Directed by William D. Taylor.

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A GEORGE MELFORD PRODUCTION

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in "The Bachelor Daddy"

WALLACE REID

"Across the Continent"

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Tom Meighan playing Daddy to five children orphaned by a bandit's bullet! From the novel by Edward Peple. Scenario by Olga Printzlau. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

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If you can get a good show simply by asking a question, ask—

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Your theatre manager will appreciate your interest. He is always puzzling how to please most of the people most of the time.

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Paramount has finally taken the best film entertainment out of the stunt class and put it into the class of the world's greatest entertainment.

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It is a real loss to let many days go by without seeing a Paramount Picture.

So—make a bargain with us—if we continue to make the better pictures, as we shall—Paramount, you verify the dates of their showing at your theatre!

Quit paying your good money for anything short of the best!



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.

ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
NEW YORK CITY

When are
these coming?
Use the phone!



"Is Matrimony a Failure?"

with
T. Roy Barnes
Lila Lee
Lois Wilson
Walter Hiers

In a certain village a group of young couples suddenly find that their marriages are illegal. There they are, sweet-hearting without regular license! Enough laughs in this tangle to make a mummy laugh!

From Leo Ditrichstein's adaptation of the play by Oscar Blumenthal and Gustav Kadelburg. Directed by James Cruze. Scenario by Walter Woods.

William de Mille's PRODUCTION "Bought and Paid For" with Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt

How do things work out when a young millionaire marries his pretty stenographer? This fascinating drama, which has thrilled thousands of audiences on the stage, shows you.

From the play by George Broadhurst. Scenario by Clara Beranger.

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An Italian Prince makes passionate love to a pretty American girl, in an attempt to win her millions. "The Man from Home" arrives, and then the lightning begins to fork and play!

From the play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Scenario by Ouida Bergere.

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

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HAROLD HARVEY, Editor

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Publisher's Chat

When FILMPAY made its first appearance with the July number 1921, the publishers had some very clearly defined plans by which to steer its course.

These were not of a negative character, but positive, constructive and wholesome—to make

"A Magazine of Importance for Every American Home"

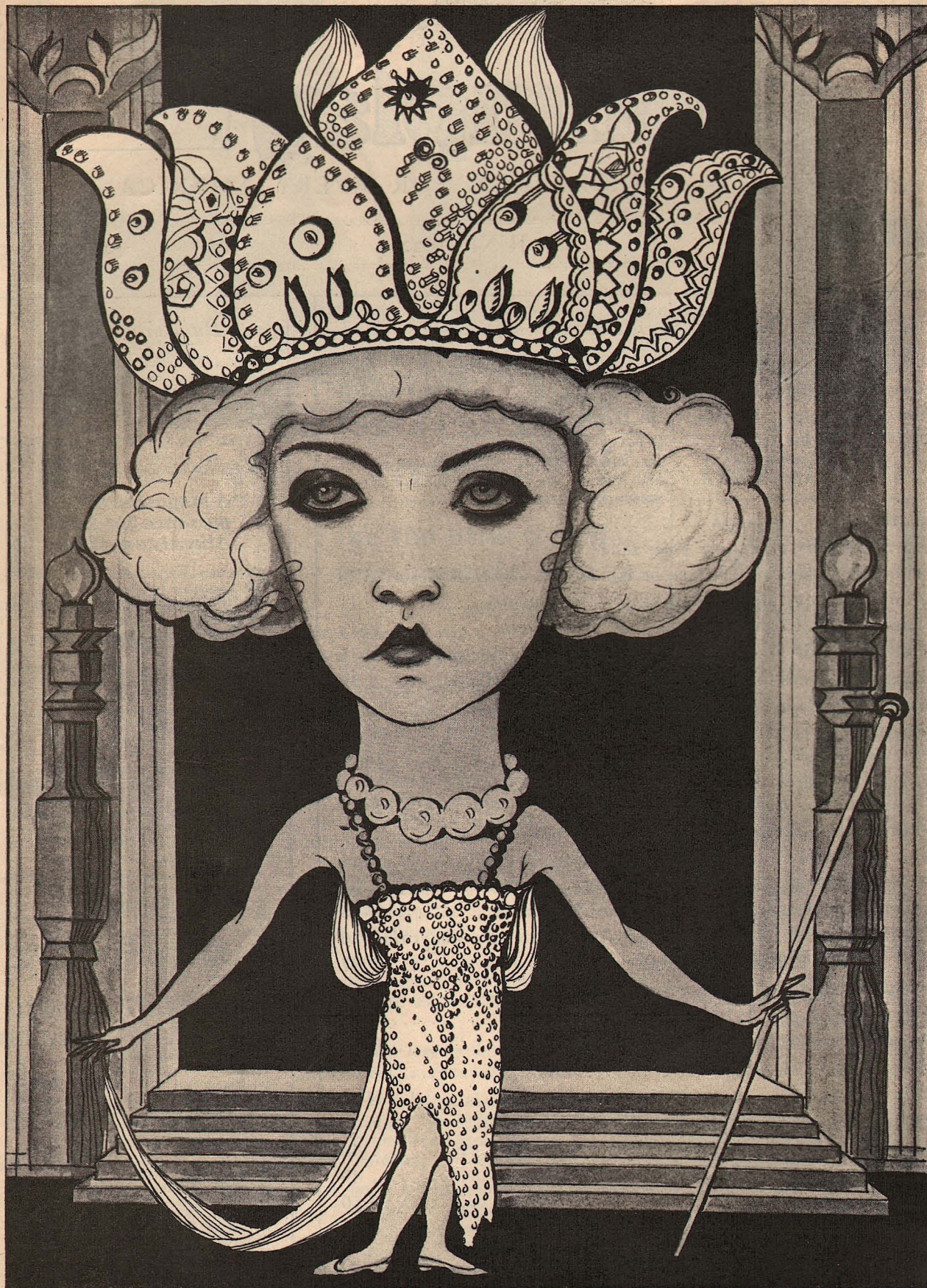
The developments of the year confirm and emphasize the need of FILMPAY, and its field of usefulness has expanded many fold.

The great Film Industry has been embarrassed by the escapades of two or three of its more prominent people, and its many thousand people, no better nor worse than those in any other industry, compelled to suffer chagrin, and have the finger of scorn pointed at them. But it is always darkest just before dawn, and the series of "blue Mondays," accompanied by the throes of depression, are disappearing. The Industry is coming of age, and leaving its days of adolescence—preparing to meet the time of responsibility and opportunity with a judgment tempered by experience.

As FILMPAY completes its first year, we have gone a long ways—we have developed ten departments or features, all of which are of peculiar interest. There has never appeared in any number a suggestive illustration nor article containing any reference unfit for any American home.

We have tabooed press agent stories, and sought articles of interest and importance to be written in accord with our policies. We are just now beginning to approach the ideals for which we have so earnestly striven. This number is the best and July will be better. Many interesting and instructive features will appear in the issues of 1922, and we urge our readers to be sure not to miss a number.

We invite all those who are interested in motion pictures—and who is not?—to make FILMPAY their spokesman through "The Forum"—our new department. We assure you that those having to do with the making of the pictures will get your message, and you have the opportunity of determining the standard. Write your opinions in a concise manner and send them to the EDITOR. Motion pictures are intimately connected with the home life, and their importance as well as possibilities depend upon the public's wishes; therefore, as a part of this public, you should do your part in the development of your own entertainment of the future.



Marion Davies in "*Beauty's Worth*"

The first of a series of cartoons by Mark Tobey

EDITORIAL

Pity the Poor Author

A YEAR or so ago we chanced to be rather well acquainted with an internationally known dramatist who had come to Hollywood from his native England to write original stories for the screen. He had made the three-thousand-mile journey in the best of faith. He was being paid a sum of money comfortably close to one hundred thousand dollars for a year's work.

When he reached that Western suburb, which has become the commercial Mecca of the world of writers, the dramatist was wined and dined prodigally during his first few days. That is Hollywood's hospitable custom toward newly-arrived persons of eminence. Then he settled down to work.

He wrote one story, then another, and a third. They were put into continuity and lavishly produced. Something alleging to be a picturization of the dramatist's original synopsis resulted. But if it be true that it is a wise child who knows its own father, it was doubly true in this instance, that it was a wise father who knew his own child.

After the second doubtful offspring had been foisted upon our friend as his legitimate own, he turned to us and inquired rather sadly if we at all understood the purpose of his employer. He had traveled across an ocean and a continent, and for no other reason, so far as he could see, than to be humiliated. It would have been so much less expensive and so much pleasanter to have been disillusioned in London. But he had to come all the way to Hollywood to learn that, although he was paid a round price for his ideas, he would never salute his brain children when, in picture dress, they made their unrecognizable way across the screen.

This experience is typical, and, for our part, we have never been able to understand the psychology of it.

It is past our comprehension why a producer will pay a whopping price for a good short story or novel from an able writer and then consign the adaptation of that story to

that apotheosis of mediocrity: the average scenario department.

The only explanation we can find is that the earnest souls who make up those departments, being chary of their jobs, have built up an impressive bogey which they call Screen Technique. They, and they alone, are the chosen few who understand it. No story can hope to make the journey successfully from the fiction page to the screen unless it first pass through the tents of their own little sideshow, where, with a great deal of hocus-pocus, they whisper their certain charm over it. Judging from the pictures we have seen, we almost believe that, instead of whispering a charm, they mutter a dark curse. Certainly the result of their black magic is more often devastating than elevating.

It is idle to deny that a definite technical training is necessary before one can write directly for the screen. But it is equally idle to assert that the stultifying limitations which the average scenario writer puts upon the possibilities of the screen represent anything but the appalling limitations of that scenario writer's intelligence.

Sometimes a story breaks away from these manufactured restrictions and accomplishes something which the scenario department says can't be done—because they don't know how to do it. It is then that you have a *Tol'able David* or a *Cabinet of Doctor Caligari*.

As we say, we do not understand why the powers that be pursue this haphazard and illogical way of expecting mediocrity to improve on demonstrated ability.

Their whole procedure in this connection is very like the gentleman who sent his ambassadors abroad to the rarest mills of Scotland and England seeking the finest of woolsens. And when these were procured and brought home to him, he put the bolt of priceless cloth under his arm and walked up three flights to save fifteen dollars, and gave it to the cheapest and dowdiest of tailors to be made into a suit.

A. D.

THIS article on Constance Binney by her sister Faire, who is also well known in pictures, is one of the most charming contributions to FILMPLAY's series, "Screen Stars, by Those Who Know Them Best." Quite frankly does Faire discuss her sister, describing her chief characteristics as well as her career and the intimate side of their home life. Read it and you will find the very human side of one of your screen favorites laid bare before you.

—EDITOR.



*She never
went out for
a career.
The career
came to her*

My Sister Constance

The Charming Young Star Described by Her Sister

Faire Binney

WHEN I start to talk about my sister Constance it seems as if I can never stop. She is the most adorable sister in the world, of course, but you'd expect me to say that, and I'm sure that everyone who has seen her on the stage or screen will agree with me. What you want to know and what I want to tell you is about the Constance Binney I know—the Constance Binney who lives in the same house with me—not the one who stars in pictures.

First of all, Constance is a little older than I am. When we were small, of course, the difference in our ages was more noticeable than it is today, and we both had our own friends. Then, too, I was rather delicate as a child and I had to live in the country with my aunt, while Constance stayed in the city with mother. Constance always says I am "the country mouse," while she is the city girl. I love outdoor things, riding and hiking and sports, while she goes in for the things the city offers—art, music and everything that makes for culture. But despite the fact that we are different, now that we've grown up, we're inseparable pals. Most people think we look alike, and over the telephone our voices are said to be exactly alike. Naturally, we have great fun taking each other's messages.

As might be supposed, since Connie has a decided bent for the artistic, she isn't so very practical. At least she says she isn't, and she often wonders what she'd do if she married and was suddenly burdened with the cares of a home. On the other hand, I am practical—it is second nature for me to be so. Constance doesn't care a snap of her fingers for

money and she is forever lending it to people, and then, when they forget to pay her back, she is too embarrassed to ask for it. Just the other day I determined that she shouldn't let people take advantage of her that way. Of course, she insisted that sometimes I am too frank and outspoken, but it's my way.

This is what happened: A friend of ours, a charming girl who is really only forgetful, owed Constance seventeen dollars. I told Constance to ask her for the money and she hemmed and hawed and said she'd think about it. Of course she didn't ask. Then I took the matter in my own hands. I pulled out a dollar bill and gave it to my sister. "Here's that dollar I borrowed from you last week," I announced, keeping my eye on our friend. She didn't make a move. "Anyone else here owe you anything?" I asked. Still not a move. I repeated the question. Eventually the girl understood. "Why, I owe you seventeen dollars, don't I?" she murmured weakly, and Constance, quite embarrassed, begged her not to mind. You see I'm practical and Constance isn't, but she got her seventeen dollars.

Both of us love to dance. It seems to me we've always danced. One of my first memories is of dancing under the instruction of a famous teacher whom a friend of ours occasionally had in to teach her own children. Constance always says that she was dancing when I was still in swaddling clothes. Perhaps she was. I can't remember quite that far back. At any rate we danced all our childhood and to express ourselves through dancing became second nature.

Sometimes she appeared at charity performances and she told me that the thrill resulting from the applause of the audience at that time was greater than any she has since felt on professional first nights.

Mother always was a great supporter of our work and still is the greatest aid in the furthering of our ambitions. I'll tell you a secret. Constance and I believe that, through our work, mother is expressing a desire to do creative work which she has been forced to suppress. Once—and only once—did she break down her wall of reserve. She painted a picture. It was a life-size oil painting of a dog. As a child I thought it was the finest picture I had ever seen. So did Constance. And today I still think it is good work. Dear Mother! I know it is from her that we have inherited what talent we have and it is for her that we really work. I know, too, that although she has only expressed herself directly through that picture of the dog, that whenever Constance or I do anything worth while she feels as if she had accomplished it herself.

Constance never went out for a career. The career came to her. As I said, we have always danced, and it was her dancing that gave my sister her first engagement. But I'm anticipating.

While I was up in the country growing strong Constance was sent to a very fine boarding school up in Connecticut. It was one of those proper places where the girls are watched with an eagle eye and are never permitted to stir without a chaperone. When boys come to call they are received in a series of glass parlors like a row of the booths in which phonograph records are demonstrated—one couple to a showcase—and a chaperone at the end with her eye sweeping down the whole line. In spite of the proper atmosphere, dancing was tolerated, and naturally dancing was the one thing on the curriculum which interested Constance most. That interest brought her the bitterest moment of her life.

Each year the girls of the school put on an elaborate May dance under the apple trees which surrounded the school buildings. Although at the time of which I speak Constance was a new girl, her proficiency in dancing led to her being chosen to lead the dance, which was to be performed for the entertainment of many adoring papas and mammas and brothers and sisters. On the day of the dress rehearsal—which was practically a performance, as there were many visitors at the school—Constance was more proud and excited than she had ever been in her life. She knew that she could dance better than any girl in the school and that she was sure to make a hit.

The hour for the rehearsal came. The girls concealed themselves behind a hedge, waiting for their cue to dance out on the green lawn before the teachers and the guests. The music sounded and the dance began. Scarcely had Constance

appeared on the scene when the principal—she who usually sat at the end of the string of glass parlors and kept tabs on the boy callers—rushed forward crying, "Stop! Stop!" The dancers piled up against one another as they came to a sudden halt. The principal singled out my sister. "Constance," she reprimanded, "you are kicking too high—much too high. This is a school for refined young ladies. What would your dear parents think?"

Constance really didn't know what her dear parents would think. She only knew that she was dancing as best she knew how. She felt very much hurt—little girl that she was—that her work had not been appreciated, but she agreed to curb her enthusiasm if possible and to shorten the length of her kicks. The rehearsal began again. Out onto the lawn rushed the lady principal, more furious than ever. From the group of girls she dragged poor Constance and sent her to her room. The May dance went on next day without its star performer. My poor little sister's heart was broken. That she was a failure she was convinced, and for a long time she did not dance at all.

Fortunately, however, in her professional work she has never had a real failure. Winthrop Ames, owner of the Little Theatre, and producer of only the finest things in the theatre, knew Constance as a child and when she was old enough for the stage came to her and asked her to understudy Margot Kelly in *Pierrot the Prodigal*, a French pantomime he was staging. Incidentally, he was going to feature her in *Lady Bluebeard*, another charming pantomime, but the war intervened and he went abroad. His work was aiding the suffering people of France, and Constance begged hard to go with his organization, but he refused to take her because of her youth.

About this time the musical comedy *Oh Lady, Lady* went into rehearsal and the man who was directing it sent for Constance to play the tiny part of a maid. In speaking of it she always asks, "And what is more lowly than a musical comedy maid?" All through rehearsals Constance tried to tell the director of the musical numbers what a splendid dancer she was and finally he told her to bring down her ballet shoes and give him a chance to judge for himself. Every day she brought the shoes, but not until the night of the dress rehearsal did she get a chance to put them on. There was a lull in the proceedings and some one suggested that she make good her boast that she could dance. Corraling a pianist, she started in. Sitting in the dark theatre was the director. When she finished her first number he shouted out for another. As she left the stage a buzz went around among the men interested in the production. "Shall we give her one or two dances?" they asked. Eventually they decided that she should have two numbers, and when the play opened in New York those two (Continued on page 52)



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe
Faire Binney, the practical sister

The Reconstruction Problem of the Movies

A STUDY OF WORLD-WIDE CONDITIONS WHICH CONFRONT MOTION PICTURE PRODUCERS

By O. R. Geyer

BEING a motion picture magnate is not without its troubles, despite the prosperity which has fallen to the lot of the industry in recent years. Having outgrown its swaddling clothes too rapidly, the world's fifth greatest industry finds itself in a position somewhat analogous to that of the doughty Richard, whose princely bid for a mount continues to stand as a record. This time, however, the much sought after mount is the motion picture theatre, or rather, thousands of them. The fabulous sums which have changed hands in the last five years in this and other countries have not been sufficient to satiate the demand for high-class theatres, and the return to more normal business conditions throughout the world is eagerly awaited as the signal for an active building campaign, which will help relieve a world-wide shortage of high-class theatres.

For years the exhibitor has cultivated the motion picture "fan" without stinting his resources. He has provided luxurious settings in which to project the highest form of motion picture art obtainable. He has spent large sums for orchestras in order that the mood of his patrons may be brought into harmony with his program. Million-dollar palaces for the proper presentation of high-grade motion pictures have arisen in all of the large cities of the country, resulting in a highly pampered and super-critical patron. Today, he must have his screen entertainment served up to him with all the luxuries and garnishments the most resourceful showmen can find in the entertainment mart.

Several years ago, when the Rivolis, Rialtos, Strands and Capitols were practically unknown save in the largest centers of population, the motion picture "fan" was content to have his entertainment presented within the walls of any rectangular structure—the town hall serving in this capacity in the smaller communities. One taste of luxury and the average "fan" became a most exacting customer. To meet this demand there sprang up in this country an active theatre building boom, which left scores of fine film palaces scattered about the country before the touch of deflation had served to dampen the boom.

Film enthusiasts in the United States were more fortunate in this respect than their brothers and sisters in other countries. In Europe, the war quickly put a damper upon all building operations in 1914, and when peace came late in 1918 the countries of Western Europe were faced with the difficult problem of finding shelter for thousands of citizens and homes for overcrowded industries. All luxury building—into which class theatres naturally fell—was banned until the housing shortage could be remedied. This applied especially to France, England, Belgium, Italy and other nations directly affected by the war. In the neutral countries several conditions, including

the shortage of labor, the high cost of building materials, served to hamper theatre building.

Despite three years of peace there has been no general lifting of the embargo on theatre construction, and as a result Europe is from six to ten years behind the times insofar as its motion picture theatres are concerned. Millions of motion picture "fans" were made during the war and in the months that followed, and in prosperous days they have overtaxed the limited seating capacity of the theatres in all countries.

More normal conditions in building costs are certain to encourage the building of hundreds of handsome new theatres as soon as building restrictions are eliminated. In Great Britain the removal of the embargo is expected within the next year, and a gradual improvement in this respect is expected in other countries. The European motion picture "fan," save in a few large cities, has been denied the luxurious presentation of films in vogue in this country, and is certain to give instant approval to any concerted effort to provide better physical equipment for his screen entertainment.

To the 15,000,000 Americans who daily visit the motion picture theatre must be added another 15,000,000 "fans" in the other countries of the world. These 30,000,000 individuals, in normal times, must be squeezed into approximately 25,000 motion picture houses; more than half of which are located in the United States. And the surface of potential motion picture patrons has scarcely been scratched, for there are hundreds of millions of people in Europe, Asia and Africa who have yet to enjoy the opportunity of seeing a motion picture show.

It is estimated by competent sources that the motion picture industry will have urgent need of double the number of theatres now screening photoplays, once economic conditions are stabilized and improved. The United States, with its 15,000 theatres, is fairly well supplied, as it stands ten years ahead of the remainder of the world in the development of its theatre building program. But it can use and will build within the next few years hundreds of large houses for the presentation of film entertainment in the luxurious manner now common in the larger cities of the country. Competent authorities estimate that approximately 20,000 theatres, the majority of them of the high-class order now prevailing in the cities, will be required to cater to the millions of potential fans who are being recruited for the industry from year to year.

The reaction of this shortage of theatres is making itself felt in other departments of the motion picture industry. While the war had a repressive influence upon the development of the physical side of the in-

Mr. Geyer Writes:

"Having outgrown its swaddling clothes too rapidly, the world's fifth greatest industry finds itself in a position somewhat analogous to that of the doughty Richard, whose princely bid for a mount continues to stand as a record. This time, however, the much sought after mount is the motion picture theatre, or rather, thousands of them. The fabulous sums which have changed hands in the last five years in this and other countries have not been sufficient to satiate the demand for high-class theatres, and the return to more normal business conditions throughout the world is eagerly awaited as the signal for an active building campaign which will relieve a world-wide shortage of theatres. To the 15,000,000 Americans who daily visit the motion picture theatre must be added another 15,000,000 fans in other countries of the world. These 30,000,000 individuals, in normal times, must be squeezed into approximately 25,000 motion picture houses, more than half of which are in the United States. It is estimated that the motion picture industry will have urgent need of double the present number of theatres, once economic conditions are stabilized and improved."

dustry, as represented by its theatres, it did, on the other hand, serve to speed up the development of the artistic side of the industry. The last four years have witnessed a great improvement in the quality of motion pictures, and this improvement has aided in developing a keener and livelier interest in motion picture entertainment on the part of the masses of people scattered about the world. Now the problem of the industry is to bring about a proper balance of the two important departments of the industry—production and exhibition. Manifestly, it will be impossible for the former to come to a standstill to permit the latter to continue its development. Someone must be found to bring about a readjustment without disturbing the progress of either department, and this is a matter that is engaging the best minds in the industry.

The shortage of motion picture theatres is most keenly felt in Europe, where, outside of America, the exhibition of motion pictures has made its greatest progress. Great Britain stands in urgent need of some four or five thousand high-class theatres, each capable of seating 1,500 and more persons. It has today approximately 2,800 theatres, or approximately one theatre for each 15,000 population. In America the ratio is one theatre for each 7,000 persons.

PLANS have been completed or projected for nearly 1,000 new high-class motion picture theatres in the British Isles, but as yet there has been little chance in the strict government embargo on building operations, save those applying to homes and business structures. It is hoped that the embargo will be removed by next year, as there has been no theatre building in Great Britain since early in 1914. As a result of this condition the houses in operation during and after the war enjoyed unprecedented prosperity. They were unable to care for the millions demanding admission, and long queues were daily features before all first-class houses. Aside from denying screen entertainment to many thousands, this state of affairs made its influence felt along other lines. Great Britain is a market for films produced in all of the other great manufacturing centers of the world, as well as in its own numerous studios. As a result, exhibitors have been surfeited with films—four times as many as they have actual need of, it is estimated. Almost every high-grade film, as well as hundreds of films that do not enjoy this classification, produced in America, France, Italy and Scandinavia, are offered for sale in Great Britain, and Germany may soon enter the British market. To show even a small measure of these films, it was necessary for the British exhibitor to book his product far in advance.

THE average British motion picture house today is booked up solidly from twelve to eighteen months in advance. A picture released in America in June, 1922, cannot reasonably be shown before June, 1923, or even later. Some of the greatest photoplay sensations released in America in recent months will not be seen by the British public until the spring and summer of 1923. Some few exhibitors booked their programs two years in advance by making a selection from the vast run of film offered them from various sources. Contracts compel them to stick to these playing dates, and the insertion of another picture in this schedule at an early date could not be done without shelving one of the pictures contracted for at the exhibitor's expense.

In the wave of prosperity that followed the war the demand for theatres was so keen that prices, like those in all other industries, became greatly inflated. Houses built during the days when labor and materials were much cheaper brought fabulous sums, and for a time it was impossible to buy a better-class theatre without paying an exorbitant sum. As an example, a small British theatre which cost thirty thousand pounds, or approximately \$150,000, before the war, was sold during the boom days for more than half a million dol-

lars. Theatres which cost from \$250,000 to \$500,000 before the war could not be purchased for much less than a million dollars, so keen was the competition for houses in the larger centers of population.

The British film industry for the most part is controlled by men who have made their fortunes in other lines. Cotton manufacturers, steel makers, coal barons, and other business men of wealth bought theatres as a profitable business hobby, and began storing up vast profits to be divided with the government tax collector. One little theatre in a suburban district of London has been supporting nine brothers, all of whom have other prosperous business interests. Their days they devote to their respective callings and their evenings, with their families, are given over to the management of the theatre, which is a veritable gold mine despite its hydra-headed management. And there are many other middle-aged business men who found the picture theatres they purchased as a luxury even better money-makers than their own business interests.

As regards theatres, France is even more behind the times than Great Britain, and for the same reasons—the war and building embargoes. The larger cities are far behind the average American city of medium size as regards high-class theatres. Many cities of 25,000 and more are practically without motion picture entertainment, so great is the shortage of theatres. The war caught France just at the time she was beginning to develop the business of properly presenting the motion pictures she has been producing for so many years. Despite the fact that she was a pioneer in the production of motion pictures, France has not made much progress in the building of the high-class theatres one finds so often in Great Britain and America. At least 2,000 or 3,000 new high-grade motion pictures could be set down in France and find ready use as soon as more normal conditions are restored.

BECAUSE of the great pressure of other reconstruction problems, France has not had much time to devote to the building of theatres for the entertainment of its people, and it will be many years before the exhibition department of the industry catches up with the production end of the business. This state of affairs exists in Belgium and for the same reason, while Holland, Switzerland, Spain and Portugal find themselves in much the same position. These neutral countries were so near the war zone they were first to feel the repressive reaction brought about by the fighting in Belgium and France. Building materials have been almost unobtainable and labor has been a difficult problem.

The number of theatres in Spain today is far below the number required for potential business demands in normal times. Outside of Madrid, Barcelona, and a few other commercial centers, Spain is almost barren of first-class theatres. There has been considerable agitation for early relief from this dearth of theatres, but outside of two or three splendid houses now under construction, or planned for an early start, little or nothing has been accomplished. Many millions of Spaniards have yet to become acquainted with the modern motion picture, which leaves a tremendous potential business awaiting development in that country. These same conditions apply to Spain's next-door neighbor, Portugal, but on a much smaller scale. When prosperity returns, these two countries should join the scramble for more theatres.

Italy is another of the great producing centers of the world which felt the direct hand of the war. Although its films enjoyed great domestic prestige and a prosperous foreign market before the war, the country occupies about the same position as France as regards the presentation and exhibition of films. Several hundred new theatres will be urgently required once Italy succeeds in solving its many reconstruction problems. In this country, too, is a large number of potential motion picture fans who some day will have their

first taste of screen entertainment, and succumb to its attractiveness as other millions have done under similar circumstances.

While all of Germany was engrossed with the problems of war, its motion picture industry continued to make some progress as regards production. The screen was used largely for propaganda purposes and the manufacturers were permitted to continue in business in order that films might be produced for domestic and neutral propaganda purposes.

After the war German interests scampered about frantically in search of buildings capable of being converted into motion picture theatres. Berlin alone is said to have improvised more than 600 new theatres, so great was the demand for this form of amusement. Frankfurt was stricken with the motion picture fever and it is said that practically every street in the city had at least one cinema before the boom collapsed.

GERMANY gives promise of being the most serious competitor of the United States for the world film markets. Despite the present economic crisis, German studios are turning out several hundred films a year. The bulk of this production is filmed with an eye for the world markets. Much attention is being given to the elimination of purely local subjects, and the stories now most in demand, such as *Deception*, *Passion*, *Dr. Caligari*, and *The Golem*, are those possessing an international appeal. Because of present trade restrictions many German films are being produced in the Scandinavian countries, or are being shipped out to world markets as Scandinavian product. London film manufacturers to some extent profess to be alarmed over the proposed German onslaught on the world motion picture markets and are giving much attention to speeding up and improving their own productions.

The German ban on the importation of films has not been removed, and not until this restriction is lightened will it be possible for outside films to be sold in larger quantities for the German market. Several mammoth structures used in war work are being converted into modern studios by German concerns, who are eager to enter into the scramble for the world film trade. Hundreds of films produced during the war are being dumped in the South American and other film markets at prices which make it difficult for the American producer to compete with them.

GERMANY has approximately 3,500 film theatres—many of which compare most favorably with the better-class houses in America. The seats are roomier and more attention is given to the comfort and convenience of the patrons in the high-class theatres than is sometimes customary in the United States. The aisles are roomy, the lobbies are large and commodious, and high-grade orchestras are employed to dispense picture music. In the loges four armchairs occupy about the same space an average American house gives to ten seats. The theatres in the larger cities have an average maximum seating capacity of 2,400.

In anticipation of the early complete removal of the embargo on the importation of films, leading German concerns have been buying heavily in the American and European film markets. One concern is said to have purchased seventy-five American films in one deal in the hope of being permitted to take them into Germany shortly. Once the embargo is removed American films are expected to make great inroads upon the domestic German market.

Conditions in Eastern Europe and the Southeast are chaotic insofar as the film industry is concerned. The invasion of the films, just fairly well begun in the days before the war, was stopped completely and suddenly in August, 1914, with the result that this section of the world is many years behind other portions of the globe more completely movieized. Disintegrated Russia, the Balkans and Asia are

great potential fields of wealth and opportunity for the motion picture industry. The number of motion picture theatres is so small as to be but a tiny drop in the bucket. China, with 400,000,000 potential movie fans, has fewer than 100 theatres, and these are concentrated in such cities as Hong-kong, Peking, Shanghai and other foreign centers of population.

No country in the world has more loyal motion picture fans than Japan. The interest of the average Jap in pictures is closely akin to that of the average American, as American pictures have dominated this market during the last eight years. Japan has approximately 2,500 theatres, the great majority of which are small in size and which cater to the poorer classes in the industrial districts. Tokyo, Yokohama, Osaka and Kyoto are the principal movie centers, Tokyo alone having more than fifty theatres giving regular daily performances. These houses seat from 500 to 1,800 persons and cater to more than 15,000,000 patrons during the year.

The great Japanese movie trust, which is said to be the highest example of trustification yet evolved in any country, controls and owns more than 600 theatres. Admission prices range from twenty-five to seventy-five cents in the larger theatres, with a few charging as high as \$1.50. The majority of theatres charge very small prices, as the Japanese laborer's pitifully small wages do not permit him to squander money recklessly on his entertainment. Admission prices paid by the poorer classes do not entitle them to seats, and they are compelled to stand throughout the show. It is doubtful whether any other country has so large a movie population which would willingly stand throughout a two-hour show.

WHEN prosperity returns to Japan, serious attempts undoubtedly will be made to lighten the grip on the industry held by the trust. Many new theatres must be built and several millions of dollars will be required to provide the proper presentation for the latest American films which have such a great vogue in the island empire.

All of Asia, despite the inadequate transportation facilities and the lack of theatres, represents a vast field for development for the not far distant future. American pictures already have made important inroads in India, the Straits Settlements, Japan and other portions of the continent, but as yet the surface has scarcely been scratched. Arrangements have been perfected to open Asia Minor and the surrounding territory as the result of a commercial treaty signed by Great Britain and Persia. An American company, operating extensively throughout the world, will open headquarters for the distribution of its films at Tiflis, and will establish exchange centers on the American plan in the larger and more important commercial centers of Western Asia as soon as business conditions permit. Residents of the Euphrates valley, Bagdad, Mosul, Jerusalem, and other sections of this territory, have had their first taste of the American motion picture in the last four years, and they are eagerly demanding more. Bagdad, with 200,000 population, has three theatres and is the largest movie center. India, with a population of 400,000,000, has fewer than 150 theatres, many of them of very small size.

Africa also is included in the undeveloped field, toward which American exporters are looking with longing eyes. Considerable business is carried on with Egypt and South Africa, and it will not be many years before this business is greatly increased. The return of more normal business conditions will aid materially in the conquest of Africa planned by the American producers and exporters.

Australia is another continent in which American photographs have gained the upper hand. More than ninety per cent of the films shown in Australasia are of American extraction, although Australian film men are struggling to establish a producing business of (Continued on page 54)

How They Look Before Breakfast

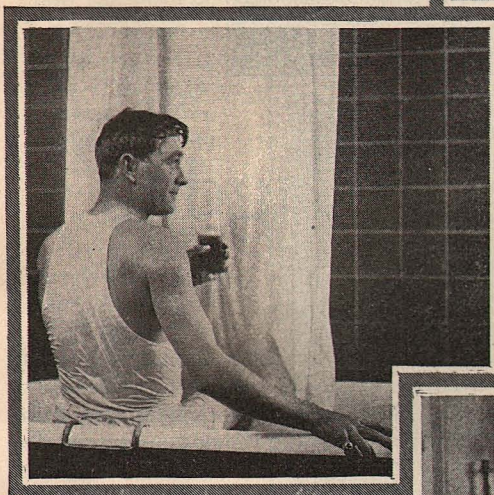
FILMPLAY'S PHOTOGRAPHER MAKES SOME EARLY CALLS ON ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN, OWEN MOORE, EUGENE O'BRIEN, MARTHA MANSFIELD AND CONWAY TEARLE

RIGHT: Not many of us look as bright and cheerful as Elaine Hammerstein when Big Ben suddenly wakes us from our slumbers. Perhaps she went to bed very early the night before or—perhaps—her rising hour is not quite as early as her pose would indicate



Of course, these pictures are just what they purport to be; true pictures of the intimate lives of the screen stars. It would be a pleasure if we could announce that the cameraman had hidden himself away the night before they were taken and had caught his subjects quite unaware. But no cameraman ever caught a star unprepared to pose—not even before breakfast. Indeed, they wouldn't be true pictures if the players weren't posing

LEFT: We are convinced that this is the most intimate photograph of Owen Moore ever taken. It is also a proof of the system of efficiency which he has introduced into his daily life; he is enjoying his early morning orange juice and his tub at the same time



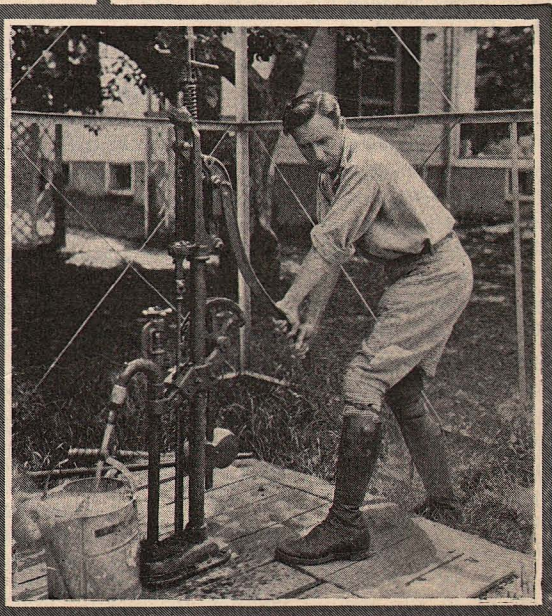
RIGHT: Because he is a "city feller" Gene O'Brien insists that his newspapers be served as the first course of his breakfast and he digests them before he even glances at his prunes



BELOW: Living in the country means a lot of fun as well as a lot of work. It's up to Conway Tearle to bring in a bucket of fresh water every morning, and here we see him bravely doing his duty



LEFT: Martha Mansfield brings her Kewpie to breakfast with her so that she will not be lonely. The expression on her face seems to indicate, however, that Kewpie hasn't much to offer in the way of breakfast table chat



A theatre street
in a Japanese
town



The posters are
hung like ban-
ners before the
theatres

The Japanese Carpet of Bagdad

By Philip Kerby

BUDDHA! Buddha! Buddha! Most worshipful Gotama Buddha—Overlord of Earth, Air and Sky—Pray, I beseech thee, let not my worthless body be turned into a fish in my next incarnation! Hear the supplications of the shades of dear departed ancestors in my behalf—and be merciful!”

The penitent, a youth of eighteen years, knelt alone within the dim recesses of the Magnificent Chioin Temple in Kyoto and begged for mercy, before the gleaming golden shrine.

In order to attract Buddha's attention he tapped on a hollow gourd with a small teak mallet. The ensuing sound resembled the beating of a tomtom by our own North American Indians. It was the first day of Thanksgiving for New Rice, and in order to save his soul he would beat a thousand times a day for a hundred days on the gourd—and then return to his little rice paddie secure in the knowledge that he was safe from becoming a fish. The faith of his ancestors handed down for thousands of years—written records show that the Emperor Jimmu ascended the throne in 660 B. C.—was good enough for him, and for many others of his class.

Foreign visitors to Japan are too prone to judge the entire Empire from a cursory examination of the hurrying, bustling commerce in the seaports. New York is no more representative of the United States than Yokohama is of Nippon. To see the life of the country one must travel inland to Kyoto, where civilization has been but little affected by outside influences. It has been called by many the heart of the Empire, since here one finds all the wonderful ateliers of the cloisonne pottery, and the Damascene engraving on metal, an art which was brought to Japan in the second century by

artisans traveling by camel caravan from Damascus. Japan as a whole is in a curious state of transition. The old is warring with the new. The conservative element cannot understand the new-fangled ideas of the rising generation. The progress along all lines during the last three score years is amazing, when one remembers that it was only that long ago that Admiral Perry sailed into Yokohama harbor—now christened Mississippi Bay in his honor—and inserted the virus of American “pep” into the dormant monster.

Japanese diplomats refuse to admit the fact that the government borrowed educational methods from America, banking from England, and the army system from Germany. In order to awaken the country at large the people must receive a stimulus toward education. The realization of their deficiencies must be brought home to them, and what better way is there than showing the different modes of life of other countries, and particularly America? Thus reasoned the bigwigs in the government. Through what agency could the spirit of competition be aroused? How could the people as a whole be awakened to their responsibilities of taking the lead among oriental nations in world affairs? The solution

was found in the cinema. The light in the projection machine was more wonderful than Aladdin's lamp! The silver screen was in very truth the magical carpet from Bagdad. The prophecy of the ancients had come true. One had but to light the lamp and behold the wonders of the world unfold before the eyes. Diplomat and coolie, schoolboy and philosopher, merchant prince and pauper, had the lesson brought home to them—the lesson of progress.

The government was quick to note the wonderful opportunities of offer-

“The Japanese Carpet of Bagdad” is the fourth article in FILMPAY'S series, “Around the World With the Movies.” Philip Kerby, the author, who is well known to readers of FILMPAY through former contributions, is at present in the Philippines, and writes that he is completing an article on motion pictures in the provincial districts of the islands. Next month Janet Flanner, who has returned to Europe, will write of pictures and picture audiences in Rome, in a delightful article called “Thumbs Down on the Roman Movies”

ing sugar-coated education to the masses and stimulated the interest of the people by giving financial aid to various movie houses. The four theatres established in 1910 have grown to nearly four thousand in little more than a decade. Since America was the cinema capital of the world, it was only natural that American films and American methods of exploitation should be adopted.

Throughout the day the repentant Japanese attends to his devotions or business (both are in many respects synonymous) and as soon as the first lanterns are lit, puts up the shutters on his windows, or says his thousandth Buddha, and hies himself to Theatre Street—and to the movies.

The foreigner, in passing from the deep silence of the temple to the noisy, blatant, shouting excitement of Theatre Street in Kyoto, with its myriad electric signs all blinking the excellences of the attractions inside—in curious Japanese ideographs — transcends a thousand years in about as many seconds.

The artist who spends an entire day chiseling a single blossom on a cloisonne vase rubs shoulders with the 'rickshaw coolie as both struggle to obtain seats to see Pauline Frederick in *The Loves of Letty*. The student, who has passed his first matriculation in *The Wheel of Life* and has started on his mental voyage of discovery along the *Eight Fold*

Paths to Nirvana, laughs as uproariously as his neighbor—the smelly fisherman—at Charlie Chaplin's antics in *The Tramp*. The merchant prince and the beggar both enjoy the long news reels, the former wondering how he can capture a little more of the commerce of the far-off empires and the latter marveling that there seems to be employment for all. The insidious germs of capturing more foreign trade and emigration thus fall on fertile fields.

In passing, it might be well to recount the fact that Chaplin is by all odds the favorite comedian, Mary Pickford the "dream heroine," Douglas Fairbanks the hero of the "Bushido" (the society which numbers 4,000,000 members in every village and hamlet, and is organized ostensibly for the purpose of learning the manly arts of self-defense), while Pauline Frederick and Norma Talmadge are about equal favorites in dramatic roles.

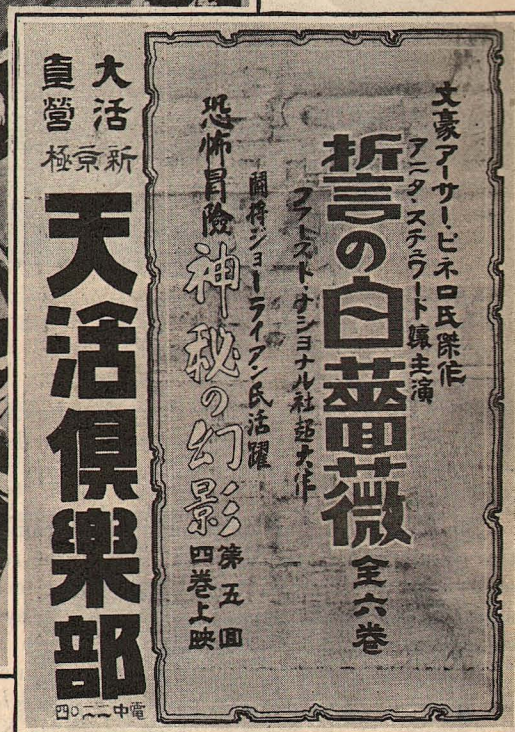
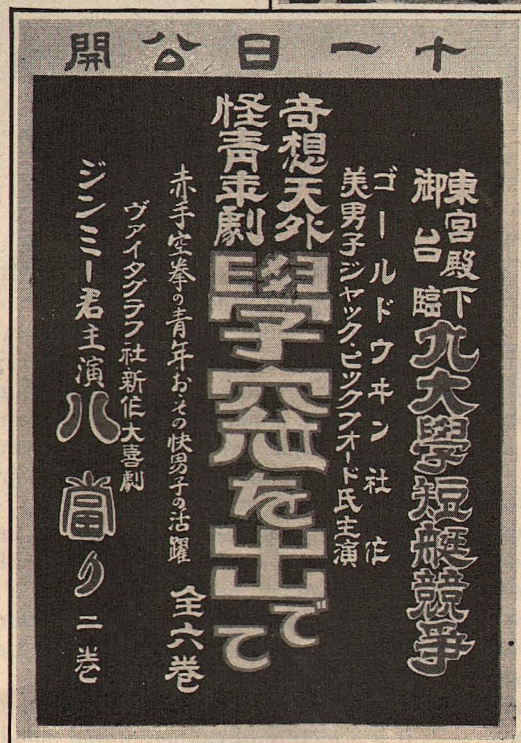
Whether a Japanese belongs to the Samurai (the nobility) or to one of the lesser castes, he takes particular pride in being up on all the latest movie news. He dazzles one with



How American motion pictures are advertised in Japan. LEFT: A poster announcing Jack Pickford in "Just Out of College."

CENTER: An announcement of "The Last of the Mohicans."

RIGHT: A poster for an Anita Stewart production.

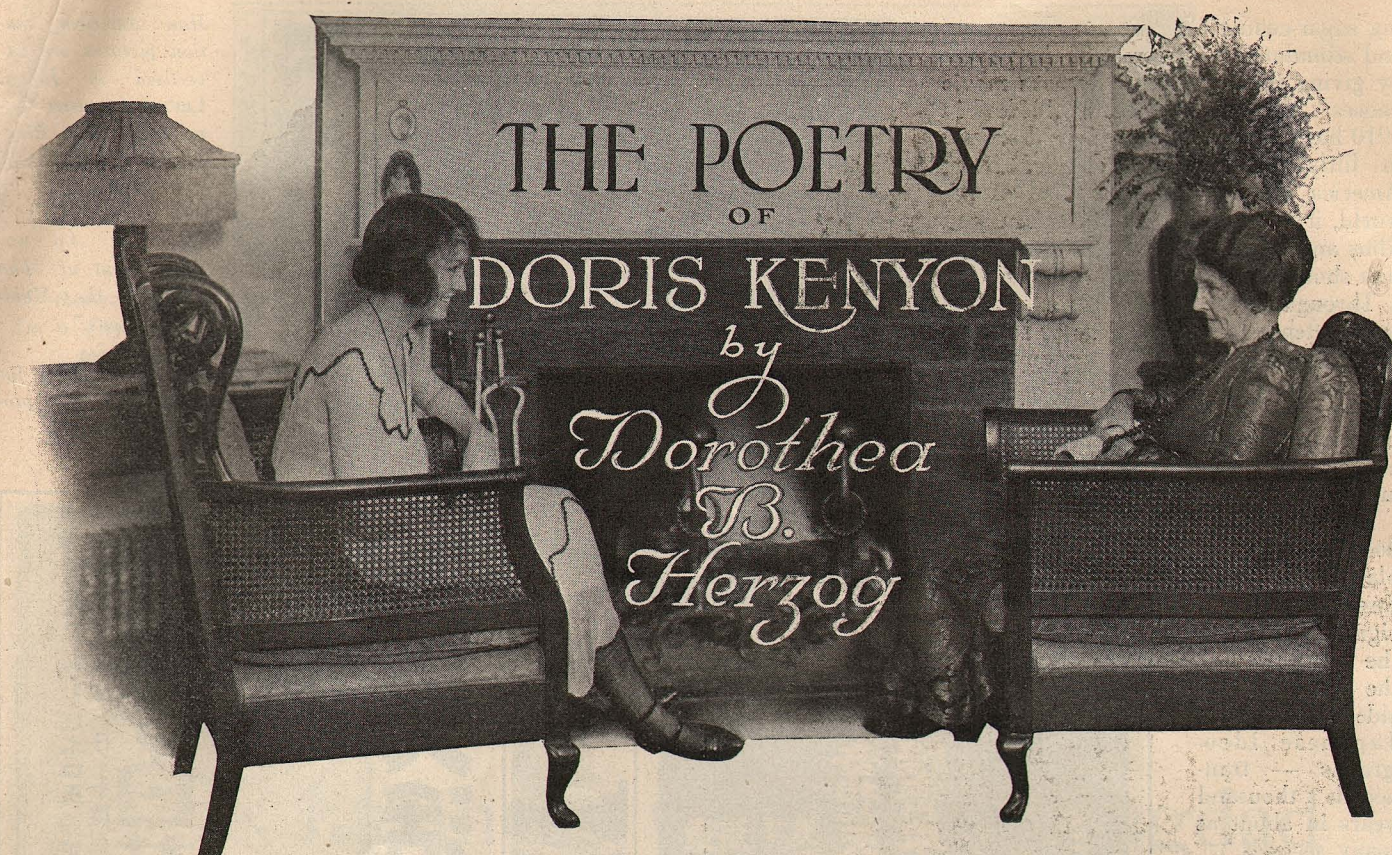


statistics anent the private life of his particular favorite, and in the most exclusive clubs there are oftentimes hot arguments over the intricacies of certain productions.

The argument occasionally waxes so hot, various members taking sides with the principals, that in order to settle the question without bloodshed a search is made for an impartial arbiter—one who has not seen the picture in question (this, too, is somewhat of a task since, unless the arbiter was sick in bed at the time the picture was shown he has little excuse for not seeing it), and the whole club attends in a body, or makes arrangements through the releasing company to have a special presentation at the club.

The Japanese government also realizes the value of moving pictures as a medium of propaganda. Seated in a loge originally built to hold six comfortably, I, together with sixteen other occupants, witnessed five reels depicting the visit of His Imperial Excellency Crown Prince Hirohito to Europe. Not the smallest detail in the daily life of the Crown Prince was omitted. After watching him enter and leave limousines some thirty-seven times, and board and leave various warships eighteen times, I lost count. Each time troops or a warship was shown the audience went wild with enthusiasm.

This enthusiasm was aroused not only by the long subtitles in Japanese, but also by the (Continued on page 52)



POETRY," explains the *Encyclopedia Americana*, "has been defined in many ways, and in the nature of the case the term means different things under different conditions.

"In general, it may be defined as emotional and imaginative discourse in metrical form; that is, the representation of experience, or ideas with special reference to their emotional significance, in language characterized by imagery and rhythmical sound."

The suggestion of "emotional and imaginative discourse" interested us most. For, in reading the *Encyclopedia's* definition of poetry, we were thinking of Doris Kenyon. Doris, the featured player in the Broadway success, *Up the Ladder*; Doris, opposite George Arliss in *The Ruling Passion*; Doris, among those featured in *Get Rich Quick Wallingford* and other equally successful pictures and stage productions. Physically, an expression of poetry, rhythm and beauty realized in every movement of her tall, willowy form; emotionally, finding natural expression through the medium of poetry; her eyes—at times blue, then blue-gray, or violet—mirroring the transient or the piercing thought swaying her.

And there came to mind her happy poem, *My Message*:

"I will sing you a little song
Which the wind will blow away;
Will it blow it to you, I wonder?
I like to feel the wind
Tear the notes from my lips;
It is almost as if
You had kissed them away."

What constitutes the background for this twenty-three-year-old featured player and poet, a girl whose published poems in many magazines have been assembled in book form and, in collaboration with her father, have been published under the title, *Spring Flowers and Rowen*.

Your instinctive answer upon seeing Doris would be: exuberant and moodily imaginative youth. Fundamentally, the answer is correct. In its broader scope, it misses the mark.

For, thumbing through the twenty-three year pages that comprise her life-book to date, we glean only the humorous and the tragic incidents of youth, dramatized by a sensitive, a vibrating soul. We glean the story of happy childhood and sympathetic home life; of joyous-go-lucky school days; of her vocal studies, and the girlish misery ever and anon of practicing when the outdoors beckoned; we glean the joy of a first-night opening on Broadway in Victor Herbert's *Princess Pat*; the thrill of a motion picture magnate's offer and the ecstasy of accepting.

Of weeks and weeks of hard work in studios, on the stage, with her vocal studies, and "emotional and imaginative discourse" through her poetry. It is a picture fraught with pitfalls of disappointments, and the recoil of a wounded soul; when flooded with the brilliancy of soaring success and joy, only to scoop dizzily into the "indigo regions" of an introspective mind.

It is a picture of exuberant and moodily imaginative youth, soaring over the mountain peaks and plunging down the valleys of moods.

It is curious to know that Doris has written many of her poems while on location. Emotions seem to geyser within her, when mentally she is poised to respond to the mood of the scene. And in between shots, or while motoring to and from location, she jots down the poignant thoughts fretting for utterance.

"I wrote *My Message*," Doris said to us when we dropped in to see her the other day, "when riding to location for scenes in *The Ruling Passion*, with George Arliss. I haven't any idea why it came to me, unless, probably, it was the crystallization of a subconscious thought." We hazard a different opinion. To us it seems the mellowing of the primitive instinct of the joy of living.

But a different mood prompted the writing of *The Despoiler*.

"Again we were on location for *The Ruling Passion*," reminisced Doris. "There were fifty odd people on the side watching us take scenes. I didn't resent their being there.



Doris in
a gay mood

But I must have been a little tired, and fatigue rolled itself into this package of revolt:

*"How fascinatingly cruel you are!
You wrench my thoughts away from me
When I try so hard to keep them.
You hold them up before you like colored toys
And laugh to bold derision
When you grind them under your heavy heels.
In the cool of the evening, I silently steal forth
And gather them up—
Poor crushed rose leaves."*

"Life," dreamily, "sometimes seems to be a crushing of things precious. And it is so harsh to crush what one holds dear."

Again there is the hint of tears in *The Play*, a poem written when Doris appeared last year on Broadway.

"Sometimes," she confessed, "especially when I am playing on both the stage and the screen, and when I am awfully tired, a veil is rent and in a flash I see far below—as though I were a spectator to a play—the cares and the sorrows that vie with pleasure to form the foundation of Life. And then I, too, become one with the countless thousands.

*"And still the play goes on, nor ever palls
Laughter and comedy and mock despair.
But nightly, as the final curtain falls,
Mirth doffs her mask to show the face of Care."*

"It is an undesired, an unsought, picture, and it plunges one into such gloom."

Even as Doris expresses herself through her work in the parlance of Parnassus, so does she joyously convey her deep love of Nature. Nature, to her, is fascinating, a fearsome Power, yet it draws her with its beauty and repulses her with its stark cruelty. The reckless gaiety inspired by Nature in the lavishness of her own joy is rompingly uttered in *Dandelions*:

*Laughing and careless as of old,
The spendthrift summer, through the land,
Has passed and dropped these discs of gold
From out his idle hand.*

"Is there," asks Doris, "any sight more beautiful than a field of dandelions, gracefully dipping to the whimsy of the breeze, forming a golden bed of petals and joyous color?"

But it is in *The Hermit Thrush* that the young poet reaches a level of ecstatic worship:

*"He sent from out the hollow dusk
His bell-like vesper call,
And through the twilight's dews and musk
Like prayer it seemed to fall.*

*"Then the small creatures, born of day,
Hid in their coverts deep
While through the evening, cool and gray
Night brought her gift of sleep."*

"I wrote this," recalled Doris, "after a night in the Silver Lake Adirondacks, jacking deer. Do you know what jacking deer is?"

We did not.

"It is marvelous," she breathed fervently. "We left camp at twilight. And it is only at twilight that the thrush sings. I listened enraptured to the bell-like song of the bird. The spell of its exquisite evening prayer, the peaceful lapping of the water, the rippleless, powerful stroke of the guide as he silently shot the canoe across the water.

"Then night. Mysteriously dark, with eerie shadows lending a gnome-like air to the still waiting. You could have heard a pin drop. On my head I wore a light similar to that on a bicycle, only much stronger. I turned my head continually, lighting the woods in all directions, in the search for deer.

"Suddenly I spotted a deer. My head, thereafter, remained perfectly still, while the guide silently paddled toward the shore where the deer, his beautiful, humid eyes held spellbound by the light, stood motionless. We were so close to the deer that by stretching out my hand I could have touched him.

(Continued on
page 52)



A serious moment

Rambling Impressions of California

By Alice Calhoun

Contrasting the bigness of New York, with its subways and elevated railroads, its skyscrapers and the restless, seething throng, with the bigness of California, its great out-of-doors, its quaintness, its fruit and flowers, and its people



Alice Calhoun

IT WOULD seem strange to many, perhaps, to find it possible for us to feel "so at home" in California almost at once, far from friends, with every view or outlook the exact opposite from New York, which has been our home so long.

There the buildings tower to unbelievable heights and one has to look up to see the blue canopy that covers us. Multitudes of people move incessantly up and down the busy streets—a restless, seething throng. Ships from every land dot the harbor, and the Hudson river, that marvelous ribbon of silver with its skyscrapers on one side and the Palisades on the other bank, lends an everchanging scene from the window in our home on Riverside Drive. Everything is on a gigantic scale, fascinating, bewildering sometimes, but glorious.

That is what we left.

When to all this is added the hosts of friends, old and new, tried and true, it may seem hard to leave. But did we leave them? I doubt it; for are they not lodged in the sacred confines of our very hearts, absent, yet ever with us?

Here! Well, we stopped at the quaint Spanish station at San Bernardino just long enough to step out and take our first real breath of California air. Above, the sky was as blue as a May day's and this was November. Groups of Mexicans, with their huge hats, stood about, lending color and picturesqueness to the scene. The stand where magazines were displayed was a riot of color that just gave a finishing touch. At Riverside, huge drays brought oranges to the

packing houses. I never saw so many in my life before. And here we saw the largest apricot orchard in the world and many acres or miles, it seemed to me, of grape vines. I say vines, but here they do not build arbors and twine or tie the vines to it. They are kept closely trimmed each year, I believe, and the trunk of the plant or vine becomes more like a tree trunk with short branches and looks like a huge spider to me.

We located in Hollywood, a restful, quiet little place, with hills all around, some snow-capped. It was with a feeling difficult to analyze that I first saw Old Baldy and Mount Lowe and Mount Wilson, standing guard like giant sentinels in the distance.

The buildings are not high here. The California bungalow, famed the world over, looked like a veritable doll's house to me. They are really adorable, many with gardens of cactus, some with palms or pepper trees or acacias, but all with geraniums and roses—geraniums grown to the roof of these one-story little homes—and vines, such as smilax and asparagus fern, growing everywhere. As I was walking along the street I saw some candytuft all in bloom and it seemed almost cruel to see people walk on it. We used it for borders in our summer gardens back East, you know.

California is the land of out-of-doors; sunshine and blue skies are the rule, although it rains here, too—but we must say since we are now "Californians" it is the "unusual" thing.

There are no really tall trees—excepting the eucalyptus tree. It seemed strange, too, to see golf links without a carpet of green. They are often just fine gravel or sand, or at least they look brown in the distance.

The orange groves are a never-to-be-forgotten sight. It is strange to see trees heavy with their golden burdens, with a rich sprinkling of blossoms at the same time. The warm sun is so inviting that even the trees believe it to always be May.

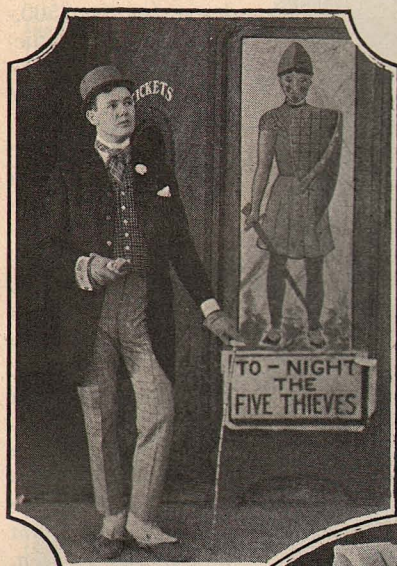
Los Angeles is a wide-awake, progressive city, whose streets are crowded, whose stores are well patronized and whose people look prosperous and content with their lot. There are no elevated trains or subways. Beautiful buildings and lovely parks abound, and there are splendid roads, through valleys and canyons, around mountains, along the sea for miles, each taking me to a place more lovely than the last.

The fruit and vegetable stores have much displayed that is new to the Easterner. Avacados that sell from 50c to \$1.00 apiece; pomegranates, figs fresh from the tree, chirimoya, loquats, and a flower-like thing called *Roselle*, from which jelly like that of crab apple is made. I must not forget the poinsettia fields, acres of gorgeous flowers, a waving forest of crimson.

There are no great rivers, no tall trees to speak of, not many towering buildings (the mountains take their place), no basements to speak of, or furnaces. (Continued on page 51)

Seven Long Rays for Charlie

THE POPULAR STAR TURNS TO REAL LIFE FOR HIS CHARACTERS AND THEN MAKES THEM AS HUMAN AS THE ORIGINALS



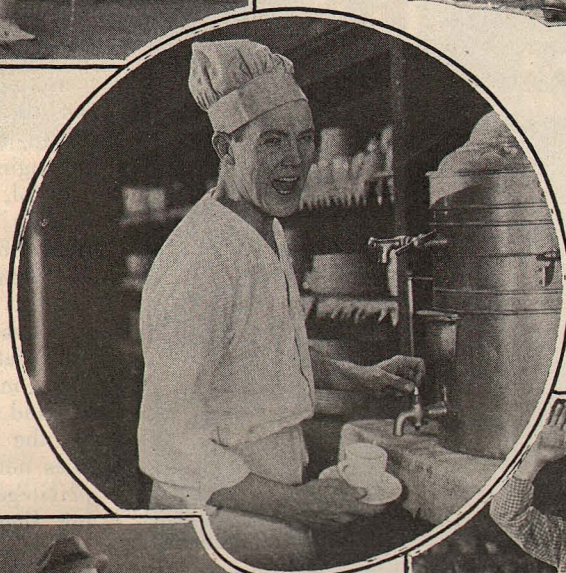
A ham actor in "The Barnstormer"



A football player in "Two Minutes to Go"

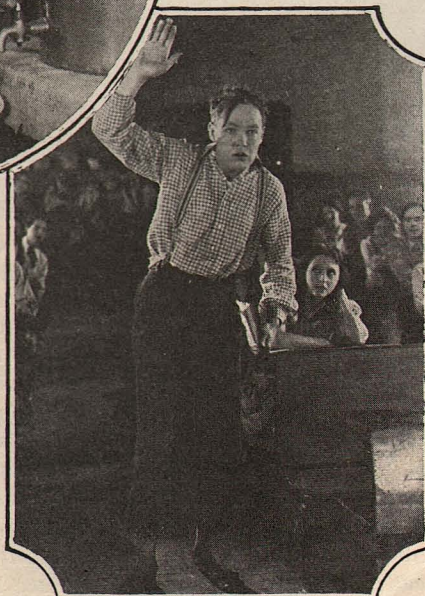


A straight shooting westerner in "The Deuce of Spades"

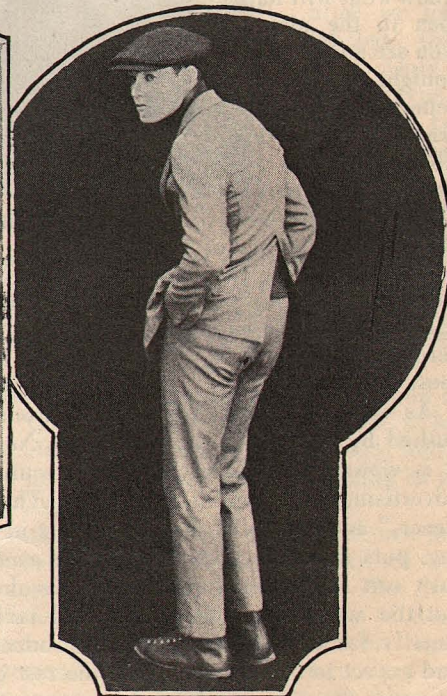


LEFT: The owner of a lunch wagon in "The Deuce of Spades"

BELOW: A Bowery tough in "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway"



A country boy in "The Old Swimmin' Hole"



LEFT: More or less as he is off the screen

From Studio to Dead Storage Vault

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A FILM

By Virginia Thatcher Morris

NO MATTER how worthless or old a book is, somehow you can always find a copy of it tucked away in a second-hand book shop on a back street. But what becomes of all the movies, good, bad and indifferent, which we see and then never hear of again? Haven't you often wondered what unkind fate snatched away from mortal eyes the aboriginal western thriller in which the prairie schooner and a chase by Indians featured, and which you paid your nickel to see and then went your way in the good old days before the price of living soared and the two-dollar production became the vogue? Indeed, do you know what will happen to the picture you are going to see tonight when the letters on the electric sign are shifted about again to advertise tomorrow's attraction?

In compiling this biography, let us go back to the actual shooting of the picture in a studio, say in California. Usually, two cameras do the work in order that there may be two separate negatives, the best for domestic use, the other for export to the most important points in the foreign market. It is with the former, however, that we are most concerned.

As soon as the first print comes from the laboratory it is rushed by express to the company's New York office, where it is viewed immediately by the executives, sales managers, advertising and exploitation men. This audience, or "op-tience," as students of the latest thing in dictionaries are saying, puts upon the picture an appraisal of how much return can be expected from it. This does not mean profit, but the actual sum the picture will take in. This estimate usually far exceeds the cost, for producers are only human and expect to make money, like the rest of us. It is doubtful, however, that an appraisal on a recent million dollar picture would even cover the cost, for the highest most produc-



During the first few weeks of its life the name of the film will blaze forth in thousands of lights on Times Square

ers ever dare to hope for is \$500,000, the average picture holding a valuation of not more than \$100,000.

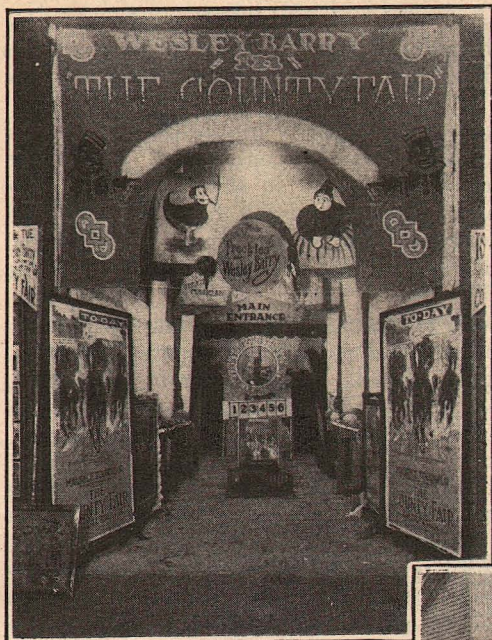
The film may be held back for a time, contingent upon market conditions, but as a general rule is given to the public within six or eight weeks after its completion. It starts its career through a prerelease to some fifty of the largest theatres throughout the country. At that time it may be seen, perhaps, in the largest theatre in the world, a distinction belonging to the Capitol, New York's most magnificent film house, where the symphony orchestra introducing and accompanying the picture is the most mammoth of its kind in existence. If the production does not obtain the privilege of playing there, perhaps its name will blaze forth in thousands of electric light

bulbs at the Criterion on Times Square. These prerelease showings at times last a month or more, but there is always a day set known as the general release date.

When this day comes one hundred prints, the number generally made from the negative, will be in active service in exchanges covering every state. First runs after the general release last one or two weeks on Main Street. The second-run theatres will hold a picture two or three days and its next stop will be for a one-day engagement at the better-class neighborhood house. Prices to the exhibitor are based upon his seating capacity, running in a diminishing ratio as the picture gradually deserts the higher type of theatre for the movie palace in an obscure section of the town. Thus you might follow a photoplay making its rounds in a single city for two or three months.

By this time the film is invading the country villages, where the method of exploitation often furnishes an amusing contrast to that used at the world premier in New York. It no longer shines in electric splendor—its advent is now

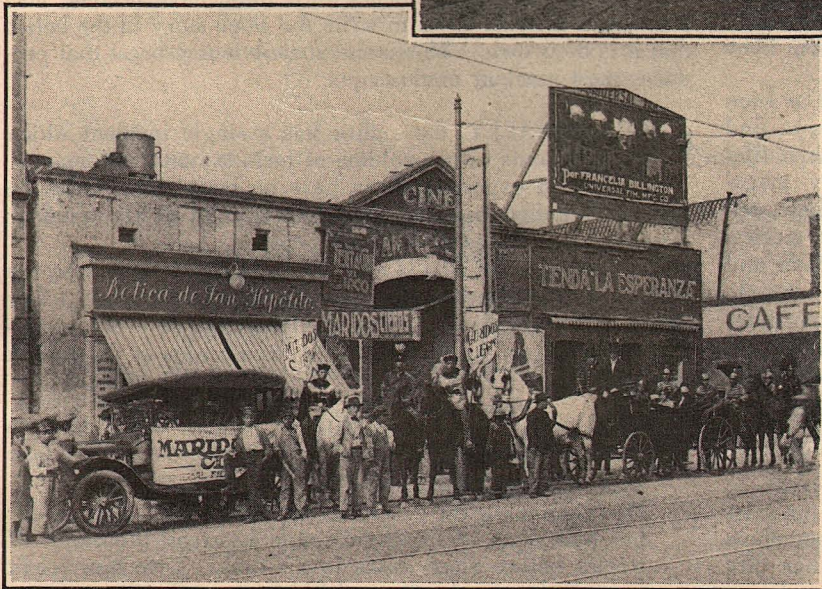
heralded by slanting billboards mounted on a rickety wagon which is drawn by a dejected native mare. The more modest production does not even enjoy this form of advertising and must wait patiently for the crowd to arrive through the persuasive wording of a "one-sheet," the smallest size poster. When our spool of celluloid is working in just such places it is performing



ABOVE: The second stage comes when the film is shown at the better-class neighborhood houses.

RIGHT: Later on its advent is heralded on slanting billboards mounted on a rickety wagon.

BELOW: Finally it reaches foreign lands, where it is welcomed as the newest picture from the States



its greatest service by bringing entertainment and instruction to thousands of people whom the most rural stock company would never reach.

After a year the usefulness of the average picture is exhausted. At the end of that time it has moved before some ten million people. The usable remains of the original hundred prints, many of which are then completely worn out, are stored away in the local exchanges which have been handling them. Perhaps some further use for them will arise—at any rate, storage space is cheaper in Oklahoma than in New York City.

An exceptional feature, however, will boast of a longer period of activity. *The Miracle Man* is renting just as regularly now as it was on its general release date three years ago. *Humoresque* is still going strong. Fifty million persons is not a high estimate to set on the ultimate audience of *Over the Hill* or *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*.

There is a practically interminable existence for the story with an historical or literary value. The exhibition rights for such are often sold to non-theatrical companies whose trade embraces schools and churches. From such companies it is possible to secure old versions of almost every classic ever filmed, and they have all been done at one time or another in some hit-or-miss fashion. There is always a ready market for a group of the crudest conceptions of biblical stories imaginable. In spite of the fact that these one-reelers produced more than fifteen years ago would provoke the average audience of today to laughter, they are in constant demand simply because they have never been replaced by better treatments of the same subject-matter.

This is the life of the average picture in the United States. The history of its foreign exhibition varies somewhat. England is usually the first country to use a picture of which a negative for export has been made. The cinema in Great Britain does not hold the popular appeal it does here, and consequently the supply often exceeds the demand. Pictures pile in so fast from America that it is impossible to find an early release date for them, with the

result that they reach the British public about a year and a half after their completion. They gradually find their way across Europe, until they finally reach the Orient, at least three years after we have labeled them old. Only a special type is suitable for Asiatic use. In spite of the fact that one block in Yo-

kohama, known as the Cinema Street, contains more than twenty-five movie houses, the patrons are not at all liberal in their approval and are extremely partial to the Eddie Polo or Tom Mix variety, scorning all else.

A film never intended for export may find its way to China or South America when it has become utterly worthless in this country, and is sold by its owner to someone speculating in the foreign market.

Circumstances, too, may recall a picture into service in the United States. We are all perfectly familiar with the "revival." *The Birth of a Nation*, I hope, will enjoy many of them. Old screen interpretations of *La Tosca*, *Sapho* and *Carmen* have recently been re-cut in a new scheme to synchronize opera with the filmplay. Caruso's death brought his only work before the camera, *My Cousin*, (Continued on page 53)

What's Wrong With Your Photoplay Story?

SOME HINTS TO THE AMATEUR WHO CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHY HIS PHOTOPAYS ARE REJECTED

By Jerome Lachenbruch

UNCLE SAM reaps a good harvest in stamps every year from the thousands of authors who are convinced that they have written the one great photoplay of the year. Many of them have what patronizing instructors in schools of journalism call "promise." But most of them haven't any conception of dramatic values. To be more particular, they do not understand the difference between a story that is melodramatic only and one that contains a germ of valid dramatic conflict.

This conclusion was formed after consulting some two hundred amateur manuscripts that had been submitted to the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, and from going through the files of that organization's reading department to find out exactly how manuscripts are read and reported upon. Stories submitted to all large companies are divided into two classes, amateur and professional. The former consist of those written by authors whose work has not been published in book form or in magazines. In the professional class the readers include work by authors whose stories are known to have been published, whether or not the particular manuscript submitted has already been printed.

The completeness of the record kept at the Goldwyn office is amazing to the layman. Not only are nearly all American magazines combed for photoplay material, but foreign publications also are read. As a consequence, thousands of stories pass through the hands of the reading department every year. Yet, in the past six months, not one amateur manuscript has been considered worthy of production.

VERY careful record is kept of every manuscript submitted; and during the past year about seven thousand amateur stories have been rejected for one reason or another. The amateur, reading this, will say, "Surely, there must have been at least one story that was as good as some of those that were accepted from professional writers." The answer is that there were, perhaps, a few. But the amateur, in order to break into the ranks of the professional, must write something better if he wishes to attract attention to himself; and he hasn't done so. Furthermore, the professional writer, whose work has been published either in book or magazine form, has a prestige that public print has given him. The amateur can surmount this only by exceptional work.

Every American magazine and every novel is read as soon as it is published, so eager are photoplay producers to find acceptable material. An examination of the Goldwyn files reveals the fact that thirty-five American monthly magazines are read with religious regularity. Besides these, ten weeklies and five semi-monthlies are scanned for stories. Among foreign publications, about ten French, German and Italian magazines are read every month.

One of the favorite plots that most amateurs embroider upon is the tale of the pretty little country girl who leaves her home to come to the great city in search of work. Of course, she leaves home because her parents are very "mean" to her, and she "flees at night." Parenthetically, the author states that the heroine doesn't know how wicked the big city is.

Other favorite stories relate the adventures of the innocent country girl and the wicked city man. Sometimes—somehow—the country girl acquires great wealth, spurns her city "pursuer" and goes home to marry her country-boy lover.

These simple tales are told and retold with a naivete that is astounding; and the authors persist in assuring the producers to whom they submit their manuscripts that their work is absolutely original.

A particular "masterpiece"—many unscreened authors refer to their work as "masterpieces"—consisted of a four-line synopsis, followed by a scenario in thirteen scenes. The usual number is about two hundred and thirty for a five-reel picture. In the postscript the author stated: "I hope you will except my story as I did not have my mind down to rite when I wrote it."

Other authors seem to take it for granted that their manuscript will be accepted, and put a price tag on their work. A writer who signed himself "master," wrote two letters, every other line of which told the scenario editor that he would not accept a check, but cash only!

STRANGE as it may seem, about forty per cent of those who submit manuscripts to photoplay producers represent various stages of illiteracy.

Despite the painful ignorance of photoplay demands displayed by the authors of most amateur scripts—certainly a pardonable ignorance—one wonders what our schools have done to our American children to fail utterly in equipping them with a language in which to express their thoughts intelligently. Old American names are signed to scripts and accompanying imperative letters that are scarcely understandable. One can forgive a haltingly written manuscript from an immigrant, but the "literary" work of unequipped Americans, as evidenced in the manuscripts submitted to photoplay companies, is the most damaging indictment of our rural and city school systems that has come to the writer's attention.

However discouraging this may be, it will not deflect the thousands of aspiring authors who are convinced that they have written the only stories worthy of screen presentation. The most evident deficiency in their work is a lack of originality. They are guilty of unconscious plagiarism. They go to their local photoplay theatre, see a thrilling picture, go home, mull over its incidents until these have become personal, and then sit down to write the same story in the belief that it is their own. This is the unconscious process that produces most amateur manuscripts.

OCCASIONALLY, the author has a single incident which he surrounds with a volume of melodramatic nonsense.

A writer of experience may have no better ideas than the untrained writer, but he avoids the pitfalls of the amateur through his knowledge of craftsmanship.

If a catalogue of *Don'ts* will do any good to those who are striving to have their photoplays produced, here are a few which, if followed, will bring the blessings of every photoplay reader upon the head of the embryo genius of the motion picture.

1. Don't write your manuscript in pencil. Have it type-written. Your predecessors have made the readers take to wearing glasses.
2. Don't point out the excellence of your script. The reader has had years of experience, and has read thousands of stories before yours came to his desk. Give him credit for a little perspicacity and judgment.

3. Don't write a scenario. This is the technical form in which a story is cast for the director. Specialists in this form of writing take your synopsis and arrange it into scenes. A scene usually changes whenever the position of the camera must be shifted. Only a man who has worked in a studio may be expected to know this.
4. Don't write your story in 100 words. Make it from one to three thousand words, and in your eagerness to talk about the story, don't forget to tell it.
5. Don't forget that a single idea isn't a story.
6. Don't delude yourself into thinking that a photoplay company is waiting for your particular manuscript and is interested in your ideas. A letter to the effect that you have some good ideas may be very interesting, but the picture companies haven't any time to bother with your ideas. They've been fooled too often that way. Now you've got to suffer for the thousands of times that your literary ancestors have cried: "Wolf!" Get your ideas into story form and send them in.
7. Don't try to hold up a company. Be satisfied to have your story accepted. Terms can be arranged later.
8. Don't ever get the idea into your head that a motion picture producer is waiting to steal your story. Did you ever stop to think that it would be cheaper to pay you several thousand dollars for a story than to have you bring suit for the theft of your effusion? Remember, that the photoplay producer knows the damning value of unsavory publicity.
9. Don't think that your story is worth more than one by Rupert Hughes or Mary Roberts Rinehart. Be modest.
10. Don't write a line until you have learned to express your ideas in untrimmed English.

To these few precepts should be added a word of advice to the effect that would-be photoplaywrights should read more widely, see more photoplays and discover for themselves how rich a literature has already been translated into the language of the screen. Originality is not, as some have maintained, a gift that a few have and the rest of us have not. It is knowing what has already been done and then not doing it again. There may be a limited number of fundamental plot situations, but they permit of inexhaustible variations. The more one reads, the less presumptuous one becomes and the less eager to shout about one's genius. There are still millions of original stories left in the world. Surely the reader can find one!

The Board of Censors

By Themselves [Plus A. D.]

THE CHAIRMAN:

*My name is Isaac Upright Spink;
I used to sell light wines and beer
In Pinkhamville. I didn't think
That when the judge gave me a year
For selling minors on the sly,
That I'd be sitting here like God,
To say what's fit for the infant eye...
The ways of politics is odd!*

THE VICE-CHAIRMAN:

*And I'm Euphemia Touchstone Smart;
I put the kibosh on "The Sheik."
I'll tell you why: it wrung my heart—
Put me in mind of Minnie Meek,
A girl I knew who fell in the hands
Of a camel-driver in Timbuctoo...
I'm agin all travel in foreign lands—
See Niagara Falls—or Kalamazoo.*

THE SECRETARY:

*I'm Florizel Bianca Smythe;
I write the records of the meetings.
My stupid colleagues make me writhe
With silly jokes and vapid bleatings.
My word, they make some awful slips—
They thought a titled Spanish don
Wrote that "Horsemen of the Apocalypse,"
When a fool would know it's by St. John.*

THE TREASURER:

*I'm Hiram James, a nephew of Jesse;
I never did a good day's work in my life,
But it happens the Governor's third maid, Tessie,
Is a second cousin of my first wife.
So here I sit on the Censor Committee—
Can't tell a fillum from potato blight.
Thought Jesse Lasky a gal in a ditty...
But I sign the checks ev'ry Saturday Night.*

Bill Duncan's Early Training for the Screen

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY THE POPULAR PLAYER
WITH CARTOONS BY THE AUTHOR

IS predestination or environment the controlling influence in a man's life? I have often heard the question discussed. Owing to the varied kinds of pictures in which I have appeared, including sensational serials and feature productions, I have been frequently asked to answer it.

In my own particular case, I have decided that the forming of my career was due purely to force of circumstances. It has been my fortune to experience dangerous situations in the making of pictures and so far to escape without any serious results. Still, I feel that the performance of these stunts comes more as the result of an acquired accomplishment rather than from any natural gift.

In my early years I enjoyed two particular distinctions—a talent for drawing and a remarkably retentive memory.

Owing to the natural religious tendencies of the Scottish people, I spent considerable time in church, Sunday school, bible classes and in the usual reading of certain biblical chapters each night at home. Constant perusal of these passages resulted in my being called upon to recite entire chapters without reference to the book. In time I was able to quote from memory.

From the foregoing it would seem as if I were destined either to become a minister or an artist. Suddenly I was lifted out of this environment entirely. My father, who had been in the United States for a couple of years, decided to send for his family. After due preparations we sailed—eventually landing in New York, and were duly installed in a flat on Long Island.

Those flat buildings were a distinct novelty, as we always had lived in a home of our own. They were five stories in height, and the fact that six stood in a row naturally brought me into contact with more children than hitherto had been my boyish lot.

In this connection, I first acquired one of those accomplishments that figure so handily in my present work. Those who have seen my pictures probably will recall that I have done considerable swimming, diving and other aquatic work.

One day I made my way to the roof by means of a scuttle hole. I discovered that I was on one of the highest buildings in town. In the center of the roof stood a large tank. I heard peculiar noises emanating from the tank's interior. Walking around to the opposite side, I investigated. At the foot of the ladder, which reached to the top of the tank, there were numerous small bundles of clothing—shirts, trousers and shoes. I climbed the ladder and looked into the tank, discovering that a number of boys were inside swimming around. I didn't stop to figure that this water was the sole domestic supply for the

tenants, but assumed that it merely was another one of those wonderful conveniences, in this instance a boys' swimming pool. Immediately I divested myself of all clothing and climbed to the edge of the tank. Upon being asked if I could swim, I replied that I wasn't so sure, but thought that I could. The other boys swam to the tank's edge so that I might have plenty of room to dive, which, without hesitation, I did.

Struggling to the surface, I found that I could not swim. Flopping about wildly, without thought of anything further than keeping my head out of the water, I forgot all about trying to reach the side of the tank. The rest of the boys evidently became panic-stricken. I was making considerable noise, and the expected appearance of the janitor no doubt had something to do with their hasty exit.

Somehow or other I managed to make the side of the tank, but did not have sufficient strength to pull myself out. When possibly five minutes later the janitor ap-

peared he found me hanging there, half full of water, but still able to call for help. The janitor escorted me down to our flat, gave the details to my mother, and later, when my father came home, the situation was also explained to him. I dislike to dwell upon the termination of what had promised to be a perfect afternoon. I got all that was coming to me, but I had learned to swim.

Since that time I have experienced no fear of the water, but do not recommend my introduction to the sport and would warn the novice not to make it necessary for flat dwellers to use the outside hydrant while the tank supply is being replenished.

Another outstanding feature of my pictures has been the result obtained by use of high explosives. It has been necessary to make quite a study of this tricky factor in the production of spectacular films. Frequently, in this connection, we have obtained results rather out of the ordinary.

I can remember distinctly where the interest for that sort of thing originated in my mind. Our family had been in the United States but a short time when the Fourth of July came round. I hadn't the slightest idea of what the Fourth was all about, any more than the average boy knows about the national holidays of European countries. But it occurred to me that here was an excellent opportunity to indulge in all the noise-making festivities possible.

Awakened by the booming of cannon, the reports of pistols, firecrackers and the noise of various other explosives (in those days they celebrated the Fourth as it was intended to be celebrated), I arose hastily, jumped into my clothes and, without waiting for breakfast, went out to see what was going



"I heard peculiar noises emanating from the tank's interior"

Most of us have seen William Duncan on the screen playing the reckless hero in a thrilling serial. Apparently Bill's childhood was as exciting as the adventures of any character he ever played. His own story of some of the incidents of his boyhood makes most amusing reading. Incidentally, Bill is an excellent cartoonist, as the illustrations for his article prove

on. I found some of the larger boys dodging behind telegraph poles, in doorways and various other places, all their eyes concentrated upon a good-sized brass cannon, lying out in the street. It seems that after they had rammed a full charge into it and lit the fuse they had scampered to places of safety, awaiting the discharge. Some defect in the timing fuse used for such purposes had caused it to go out and, while they were morally certain, they were not taking any chances by going too close. *They had been there before.* I inquired as to the cause of this lull in the proceedings and when it was explained to me offered to take the stick of punk and relight the fuse.

The punk was gladly handed to me. I approached the cannon and discovered the usual touch-hole, with a small heap of black powder surrounding it and the smallest fraction of a fuse protruding therefrom. I leaned over and did my best to ignite the fuse. The loudest explosion I have heard, before or since, occurred directly under my nose.

For the next hour my eyesight was blurred. My jaws had been jammed together so violently that I felt as if every tooth in my head had been loosened. I have heard of people having the taste knocked out of their mouth, and, if that is possible, such was my predicament in addition to everything else. Eventually, I regained sufficient interest to lend further efforts toward the celebration of the glorious Fourth. Borrowing a small, single-shot blank cartridge pistol, I proceeded to add to the terrific din. I hadn't the slightest idea that this method of celebration was contrary to any city law or ordinance. It was a great surprise when, as I was about to shoot, the boys discovered a policeman coming, and each immediately assumed a nonchalant attitude and seemed uninterested in my operations. They told me to get the pistol out of sight.

Following instructions to the letter, I sat down on a doorstep with the small pistol in one hand, already cocked, covering it with the other and trying to look unconcerned. In the effort to exaggerate my attitude of indifference I evidently fingered the cocked trigger a trifle too carelessly. At any rate, when the policeman was within ten feet of me and apparently about to pass by without notice, I shot myself in the hand with the 22 blank. Visions of arrest flashed through my mind. The policeman did nothing further than

order me home to have my hand thoroughly cleaned, lest I might get lock-jaw.

Later in the afternoon I again regained my enthusiasm and found some of the larger boys shooting real pistols, with real bullets, no doubt using some judgment in the direction in which they were shooting. A gun was handed to me upon request. As a target, I used a very nicely painted and highly varnished grocery wagon, standing idle at the curb, owing to the holiday. At the first shot I noticed a small, neat hole

in the side of the wagon, never giving a thought as to where the bullet that made it had proceeded to. Neither did I notice another point that evidently afforded the other boys real enjoyment. It was the fact that, while the hole I mentioned was very neat and clear-edged on the outside, on the inside a large chunk had been knocked off, which evidently had flown across the empty space in the wagon and snapped off half a board. The boys encouraged me to continue shooting, which I did, with rare enjoyment. Finally, after the wagon looked like a sieve, I searched for a fresh target and found it in the tail-gate of the wagon, as yet untouched by my fusilades. The tail-gate, unlike the sides of the wagon, was reinforced in places by heavy scrap iron. My first shot struck one of these metal strips, rebounded and popped me squarely in the middle of the forehead.

Again I recovered, and when the big Fourth of July parade, in which the various business men's clubs, politicians, labor unions and secret orders were represented, came along, I stepped into the ranks and marched as proudly as any native-born American.

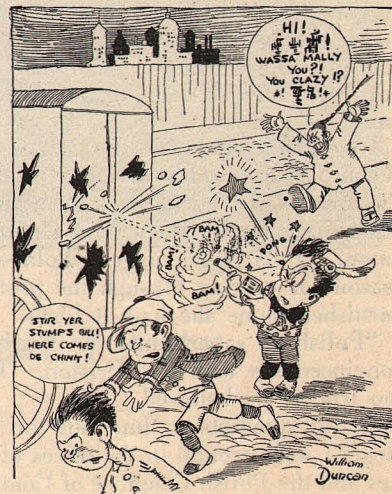
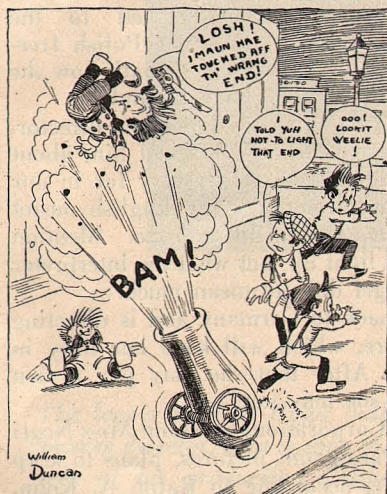
Having been in the country but a short while, and never having been more than a few blocks away from our flat dwelling, I probably used bad judgment in following the parade without a thought as to where it would take me. But a man who was quitting the parade handed me a torch he had been carrying and advised me to take his place.

This torch appealed to me as by far the most wonderful contrivance I had ever seen, and I carried it, it seemed, for hours.

The parade finally disbanded in that section of Brooklyn called Green Point, quite a few miles from where I had joined it. I didn't see a soul I knew and hadn't the slightest idea whether to turn north, south, (Continued on page 55)



"I joined the parade"



LEFT: "The loudest explosion I have ever heard occurred directly under my nose." CENTER: "I shot myself in the hand." RIGHT: "My first shot struck one of these metal strips and rebounded"

How Polish Is Pola?

BEING A FEW REMARKS ABOUT AN ERSTWHILE SHOP-GIRL NAMED PAULA NEGRI

By Glendon Allvine

I KNOW quite a few sophisticated people, and some who are ultra-sophisticated. It was one of these ult-sophs who heard me say something about Pola Negri being Polish, and a scornful laugh laughed he.

"Polish as sauerkraut," he scoffed.

I didn't give him much of an argument, since even I have learned to take with a grain of salt what some of these press agents dish up. But I wish I had known then what I do now, because nothing delights me more than to deflate some of these lads with an excess of synthetic sophistication.

The films starring Pola Negri, vaguely and indefinitely characterized as "continental," were obviously, to the discriminating, "made in Germany." Her director was a German. She worked in a studio near Berlin. Wasn't it natural to assume that she was also German, inspired information to the contrary notwithstanding. Her name, of course, was not Germanic, but what do names indicate among players? When Gladys Smith dissolves into the celluloid of Mary Pickford, and Olga Kronk emerges as Claire Windsor, and Elsie Ferguson is really Mrs. Thomas Clark, Jr., what's in a name? Pola Negri suggests Poland, but that is all the more reason for peering through the professional name at the unvarnished name she had at birth.

"Polish as sauerkraut," he laughed, and more than half convinced me with his derision. Truth is sometimes much too true to be believed.

In my attempts to find out the real nationality of Pola Negri I went around to the offices of the United Polish Societies and the Polish Chamber of Commerce and then I stopped in to see the Polish consul in New York.

"Pola Negri? Ah, she is the heroine of the Polish peo-



Pola Negri and Ernest Lubitsch, her director, on location at San Moritz, Switzerland

ple," responded the head of the United Polish Societies. "Of course she is Polish. Born and reared in Poland, she is loyal to her native land even though many of her pictures have been filmed in Germany. Among the Polish people in America she is the most popular of all film players."

If she comes to America delegations from the Polish societies will go down the bay to welcome her, and the Polish Chamber of Commerce is planning to honor her with a dinner and dance. At the Polish consul's office they had a surprise for me. "Of course she's Polish," they said, "and I'll tell you just how Polish she is. While, for business reasons, she has had to work in Germany, there being no film production in Poland, she has sent back to Poland each month a part of her salary to be devoted to the cause of Polish freedom. That's how she loves Poland."

When her director, Ernest Lubitsch, arrived from Germany, I asked him about Pola Negri. Somehow I didn't seem to get very far in our conversation through the interpreter, for my English meant nothing to him, and his German meant little to me. Mention of Pola Negri made his face light up, but what the interpreter said he said about Pola Negri did not mean much.

Now Lubitsch has gone back to Germany and is directing Pola Negri in a new picture, which will keep her busy in Europe for many months. After that she may pay a visit to America, and then again she may not.

The Hamilton Theatrical Corporation, to whom Miss Negri is under contract to make Paramount pictures, plans to keep her pretty busy for a while, according to Ralph A. Kohn, treasurer of the Hamilton Corporation, who saw Miss Negri in Paris last month.

(Continued on page 53)



Photograph by Victor Georg, N. Y.

MABEL BALLIN

The lovely wife of Hugo Ballin, artist and motion picture director, who is soon to be seen in the leading role of his production, "Other Women's Clothes"



Photograph by Freulich, L. A.

HOOT GIBSON

A star in Universal's western thrillers whose popularity continues to grow with each new release



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston, N. Y.

MARIE PREVOST

Lately a bathing girl in Mack Sennett comedies and now a Universal star



Photograph by Campbell Studios, N. Y.

DOROTHY PHILLIPS

A summery portrait of the star of "Soul-Seekers," a production directed by her husband, Allen Holubar



Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes, L. A.

BEBE DANIELS

Looking very charming in a gingham frock which is not one of her costumes for "Blood and Sand," a story of the bull ring



Photograph by Kendall Evans, N. Y.

MAE MURRAY AND CREIGHTON HALE

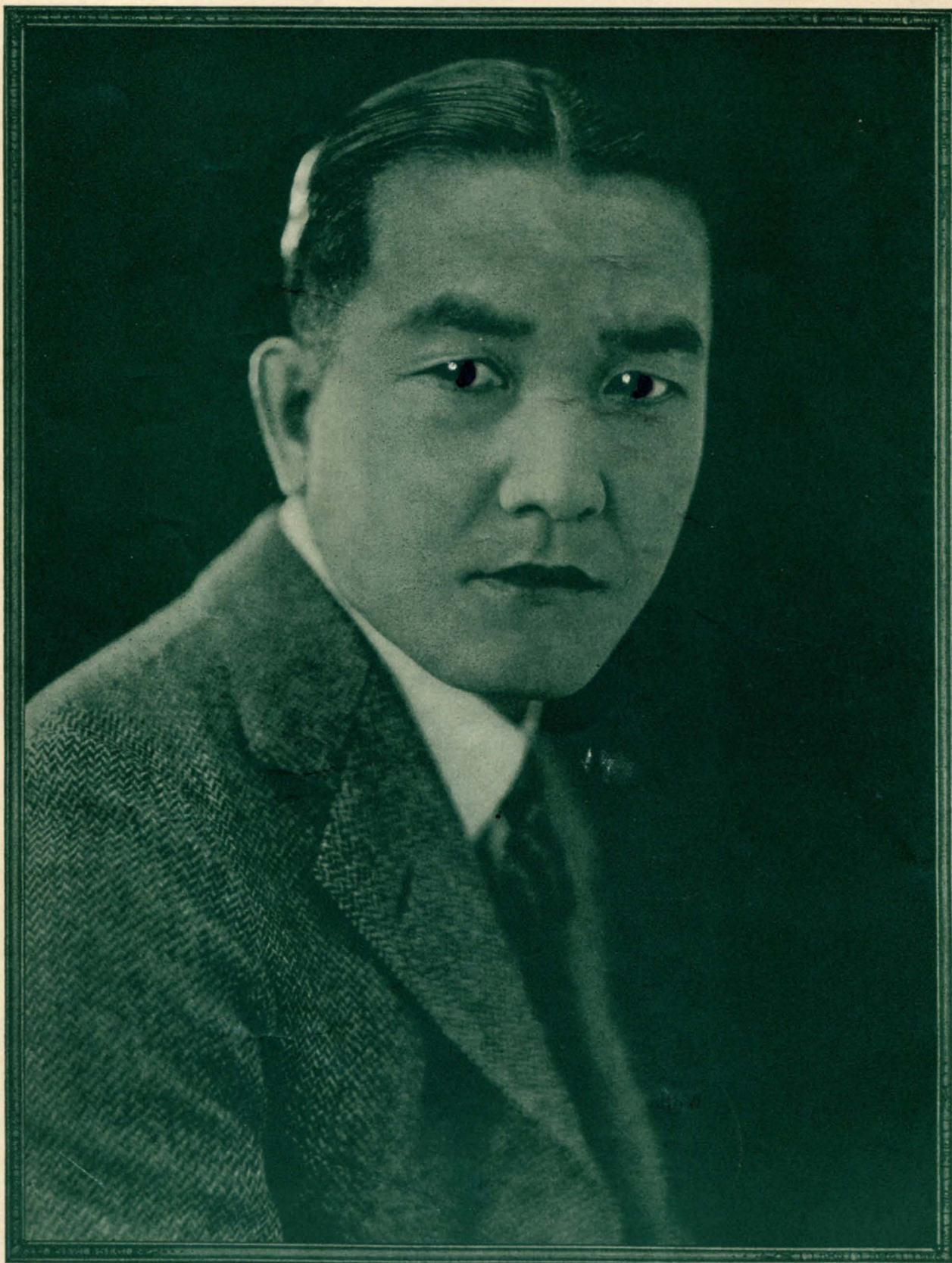
In "Fascination" Miss Murray has the most varied role of her career as well as the greatest variety of male support



Photograph by Kendall Evans, N. Y.

MAE MURRAY AND ROBERT W. FRAZER

It is difficult to recognize the blonde star as the charming Spanish heroine of "Fascination"



Photograph by Paul Grenbeaux, L. A.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA

One of the screen's most finished actors who has recently been seen in "The Vermilion Pencil"

A Most Familiar Face

LONG BEFORE SHE WENT INTO MOTION PICTURES THE WORLD KNEW
EDITH JOHNSON AS THE KODAK GIRL

By Harold Howe

THE most familiar face in the world! That is what I thought the first time I saw Edith Johnson on the screen, yet I could not recall where I had met her.

I knew Edith Johnson! She was—that is, her face was as familiar to me as my own mother's, yet I could not place her. Having been a close observer of the screen and screen players, I knew that I had never seen her before on the silver sheet, so it was not through motion pictures I recognized her. As far as I was concerned hers was a new screen countenance.

Then I suddenly remembered. I had seen her photograph in every magazine I had read for months. It had gazed at me from billboards; it had peeped at me from pages of newspapers. Edith Johnson was the girl chosen by one of the greatest manufacturing companies to advertise their product. As the Kodak girl, her face had smiled at readers in every corner of the world. No wonder I thought I knew her when her face first flashed upon the silver sheet.

It was a perfectly natural thing that Miss Johnson should find her way into motion pictures. Her photographic qualities attracted the attention of producers and film offers followed. After one or two minor engagements she went to the West coast to act as leading woman for William Duncan in Vitagraph serials.

In explaining her total "greenness" as to what was required of a serial actress, she recently told me:

"When I first joined Mr. Duncan in serial making I had no idea what the work involved. I thought that all the 'stunts' were photographically faked—that it was only a matter of reading a script and passing before a camera. I believed that action of a hazardous nature would be taken care of in some strange manner. I soon learned how terribly wrong I was.

"The first day out on exteriors a scene demanded that I jump off the side of a bluff into the water, a distance of twenty feet. Mr. Duncan gave instructions. 'I want you also to swim under the water as far out as possible,' he told me, 'so that you can't be shot. These chaps are supposed to shoot at you and you stay under to avoid bullets.'

"I was so frightened I nearly fainted. Then, as I stood on the edge awaiting the word, it came to me that I had told Mr. Duncan I could swim and dive, which was true, but I



Edith Johnson

hadn't counted on swimming under water or jumping off heights. As I looked at the lake it seemed a thousand feet away. To make a long story short, I shut my eyes, caught a sob in my throat, stifled a scream and dived. I swam under water until I thought my lungs would burst and then came to the surface. Mr. Duncan was delighted. He didn't know that the swim back was a thing of agony. I thought every moment was my last. But I managed to muster a smile when I reached the dock and no one realized how scared I really was.

"Another 'stunt' that followed shortly after nearly paralyzed me with fear. I was put into a bosun's chair and hoisted to the top of a lofty California redwood tree in which a hut had been built. I remember waving my hand in a nonchalant manner, a farewell to the staff remaining below, as I began to ascend. Mr. Duncan had preceded me and called to me encouragingly

as I swung upward. I know that I would have fainted if I had looked down. So I kept my eyes on him, my face frozen in a stock smile. He assisted me over the rail and into the tree hut. I then felt decidedly more comfortable and began to look about. The view was beautiful and you could see for miles around. In the distance the tops of the Sierra Nevada range shone like diamonds in the sun. The staff below looked like tiny ants moving about.

"A camera man was in an adjoining tree to make close-ups so I was up there for some time. From our tree an aerial trolley line stretched some hundred feet or so across a chasm to a tree top on the other side and, according to script, Mr. Duncan and I were to make our escape across the valley that way from the scoundrels who were supposed to cut down the tree in which we were hiding. I managed to get through with all the preliminary details that led up to the 'stunt,' but when it came to the aerial trolley trip I felt all the sensation of mortal fear.

"Mr. Duncan saw my face turn white even under the makeup, but assured me the trip was as simple as taking a ride on terra firma in my own car. I shut my eyes as he put me into the loop, then he followed, tightly grasping me about the waist, and we began to slide through the air. It was over in a minute and I recall only faintly being lifted off onto the ground. I had thought we were going to land in the tree top opposite, but the aerial line (Continued on page 55)

Introducing the Norrises

CHARLES G. AND KATHLEEN, BOTH NOVELISTS OF REPUTE, BRING HOPE FOR THE FUTURE OF THE SCREEN

By Arthur Denison

WE confess that we still take a childish delight in surprises, and we cannot imagine anything much more pleasurable than to have published a novel without once having thought of the motion picture possibilities of the tale and then have an agent inquire of us how great a sum we wished for the picture rights.

Charles G. Norris, whose novel, *Brass*, has been one of the outstanding fiction successes of the year, told us the other day that he had just had that delectable experience.

Mr. Norris explained how he had worked for months on this latest story of his at his home in Saratoga, not far from San Francisco. It is a place of pleasant retirement, where one so inclined may count the world more or less lost. And not once during those months did the thought of what manner of picture his novel might make cross his mind.

Brass, as you who have read it will know, is an intimate study of married life; a novel of characterization rather than action. It would ordinarily pass unnoticed as available picture material.

Consequently, Mr. Norris's surprise was great when one day he had a wire put in his hand from his literary agent in New York asking his price for the picture rights to *Brass*. So great, indeed, that Mr. Norris wired back, "Anything over five dollars."

Perhaps that was said in jest, perhaps not. We shall leave the producer, who subsequently wrote Mr. Norris a cheque in five figures, to worry over that. And since the cheque has been cashed and the amount invested, it will not do him any good to worry himself into the role of Indian giver.

Since the heyday of the Edgerton Castles and the Williamsons there has been no case which comes to our mind of both husband and wife being successful in the writing of fiction comparable to the Norrises. For a number of years, while he was still engaged in editorial work, Mr. Norris no doubt



Charles G. Norris

appeared to many people as filling the dubious role of the husband of a well-known wife. The name of Kathleen Norris was familiar to everyone who took any interest in current fiction; but it was not until Mr. Norris's novels, *The Amateur* and *Salt*, were published that he began to build a separate literary name for himself.

Indeed, he perhaps labored under a double disadvantage; for he was also the brother of Frank Norris, whose death, while he was still in his youth, certainly robbed us of a writer who was far on his way toward a pre-eminent position in American fiction. Who today can read *The Pit*, or *MacTeague*, or *Vandover and the Brute* without again experiencing the vivid feeling of how keen a loss that was?

But no one who knew the Norrises in those earlier days thought for a moment of Charles Norris as playing second fiddle in the family literary orchestra. For they

knew how fine was the relationship between them. They knew what an integral part Mr. Norris was playing in his wife's success. And they loved and respected him for it.

Perhaps it is wandering a little afield to talk about the early trials and tribulations of a fiction writer in a report that supposedly has to do with motion pictures; but Mr. Norris's recounting of his experience in marketing the first short story which Kathleen Norris wrote seems to us such a nice example of tenacity and editorial fallacy that it should be of interest anywhere.

In those days Mrs. Norris was reporting for a San Francisco newspaper, exploring the highways and byways of that

amazing city, and putting her pen point to the delineation of such of life's little tragedies and comedies as crossed her path. Material for fiction was there, and Mr. Norris urged her to get some of it onto paper. And when the first of what was to be a long series of short stories was written, Mr. Norris put it into an envelope and sent it off to a magazine.

To talk with him is to realize that whatever he set

Since the heyday of the Edgerton Castles and the Williamsons there has been no case which comes to mind of both husband and wife being successful in the writing of fiction comparable to the Norrises. Mrs. Norris's work has already reached the screen. In a few months her husband's novel, "Brass," will grace the screens of the land. They both believe in the future of pictures. They both think that a great step toward preserving the author's intentions on the screen will be made when the author is allowed to work in association with the producer, taking part in consultations over the adaptation, and working in harmony with the director while the picture is being produced. The Norrises promise to be one of the biggest factors in the forwarding of pictures to their logical goal

his hand to would be done in a systematic, orderly fashion. And in this instance, he was efficient to a point which would delight the heart of our modern business expert. He prepared a list of possible magazines, twenty-six of them, arranged in alphabetical order.

Consequently, the *Atlantic Monthly* headed the column, and it was to Boston that Mrs. Norris's story journeyed first. Presently, back it came. But if here was a disappointment, there were twenty-five chances left, and away the tale went again seeking a home in the printed page. But once again the fat envelope made its appearance in the Norris's morning mail.

And so it went. The list of available magazines grew shorter. The pile of those inhumanly polite, printed rejection slips mounted. And one fine day, the story came back, declined by the twenty-sixth editor.

Here comes in the touch of genius. Some writers would have been discouraged and given up after the tenth rejection, say. Most would have stopped at the twentieth. Certainly any, other than Mr. Norris, would have been resigned at the twenty-sixth. But not he. Instead, he pulled out a fresh envelope and sent it back to the *Atlantic Monthly*!

Irrational? Yes, but successful. The editor was delighted with Mrs. Norris's story and would print it gladly in an early issue. And shortly after it appeared there came a letter from the editor of *McClure's* saying how much he enjoyed the story and how happy he would have been to have printed it. Did Mrs. Norris have anything else which he might see?

Mr. Norris admitted that there was a certain grim satisfaction in referring to his list and writing the editor of *McClure's* that this particular story had been sent him on May 10th and returned on May 29th.

That was only the beginning. Other stories followed, and then novels. You have seen many of them in pictures: *The Story of Julia Page*, *The Heart of Rachel*, *Harriett and the Piper*. And now the Goldwyn company, which has produced a majority of Mrs. Norris's tales, has bought *Sis* and *The*

Happiest Night of Her Life. And that is rather remarkable when you think of the fact that her novels are not primarily stories of action, but rather studies of character and of people. Perhaps Mrs. Norris's greatest gift is that the people she draws are so universally recognizable. The things they do are so humanly natural. A certain character comes to life out of her pages, and you quite instinctively say, "Oh, there's Cousin George!" Or one of her people does something which betrays some little human weakness or some little human strength and you say, "Why, that's just the way

Frank Simons does that very thing." Such is the quality that Mrs. Norris's people have, and when the producers do succeed in catching it and vitalizing it on the screen, it is the thing which makes a picture real and vivid rather than stupid and artificial.

Unfortunately, it is not easy to do, and more than once Mrs. Norris has had to suffer through the bungling adaptation and direction of some one of her stories.

When we wandered away from a dinner table to have a bit of a talk with Mr. Norris, seeking some facts on which to base

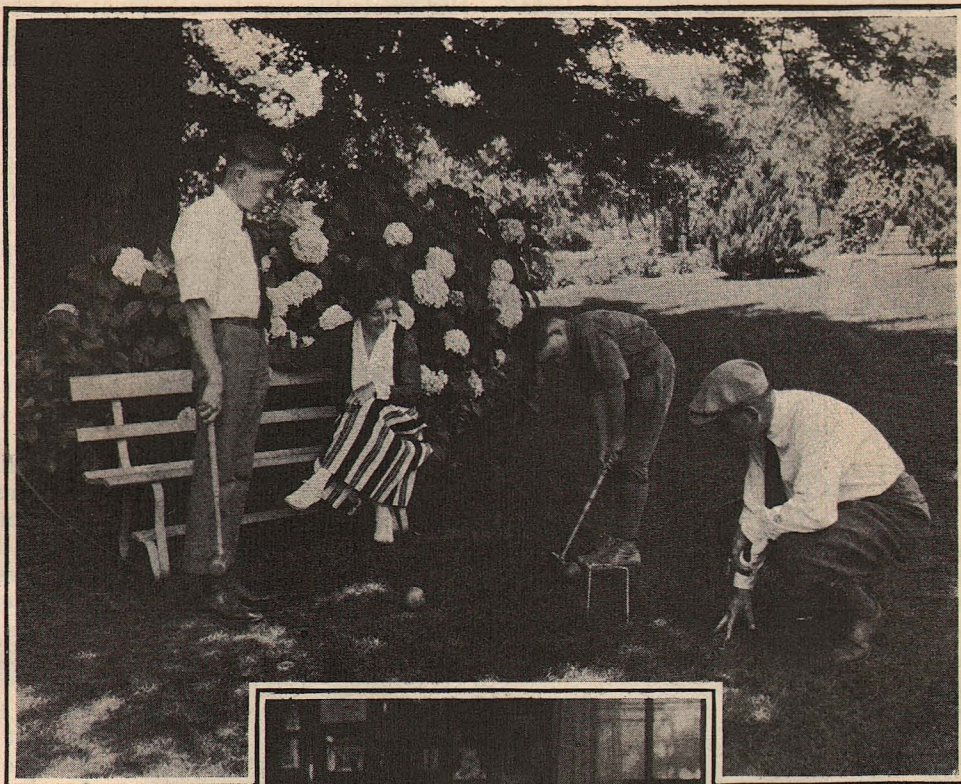
So great was Mr. Norris's surprise when he was asked his price for the picture rights to "Brass" that he wired back, "Anything over five dollars"

this report, Mrs. Norris warned him to be cautious; told him to remember that pictures were a source of bread and butter to them. She did not mean to gloss facts so as not to run any risk of killing the goose which lays the golden egg. She is too fine and direct a woman to take refuge in that sort of subterfuge. She no

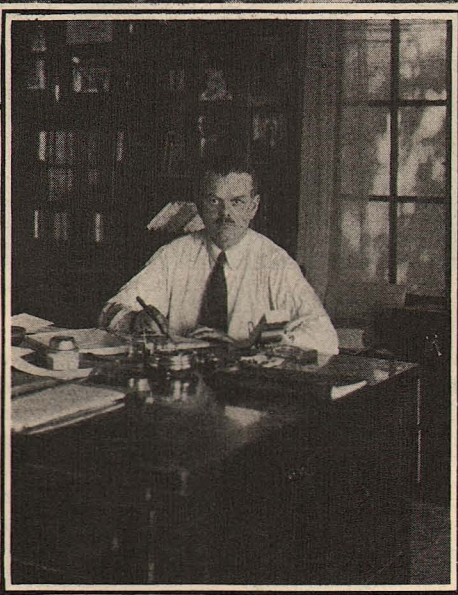
doubt feels that if she takes the producer's cheque with the knowledge that she has of his ways, she has rather barred herself from violent objections when he continues to run true to form.

But she has a right to be annoyed. It must be an enormously trying thing to pour your imagination and your observation into a character or an incident until you have made it as truthful as you can, and then sit by and watch some shoddy-minded soul, whose chief claim to directorship is that he wears leather puttees, play havoc with your labors.

Mr. Norris told us two instances of this which had happened to stories by Mrs. Norris. (Continued on page 53)



The Norris home is a place of pleasant retirement where one so inclined may count his world more or less well lost. Witness Mr. and Mrs. Norris and their boys



The Serious Side of the Women of the Screen

The Third Article of the Series by Gladys Hall

When I waved my wand at her and besought her to discuss profundities, Madge Kennedy said: "The so-called 'new' woman is the 'old' woman, the woman we have always known, the woman of all the ages, with a few more shackles thrown off, and with her eyes looking more clearly to the light."

IN other words, Miss Kennedy does not believe that the Feminist, or Modernist, or 'New' Woman is a departure from her sister-women, from her predecessors, but simply an evolution. There is no differentiation of species; there is normal development—growth.

With Miss Kennedy feminism is neither a fad, a cult, a theory nor a sect. It is a part of herself—of her beliefs. And she lives, as few people do, harmoniously with her beliefs. Come to think of it, she is about the most harmonious person I know. Harmonious.... I have happened upon the adjective, and I find it singularly appropriate.

As a matter of fact, she is one of the women who, more than any other, could sow belief in feminism even in the fields of the enemy. That is because she is rationalistic. She has no trace of the extremist, no trace of the faddist, no earmark of the Modernist. When she explains her viewpoint, you see her viewpoint. You may not always agree with it, although you almost always do, but you see it, at any rate. She is thoroughly normal, wholly tolerant, catholic in her sympathies and tastes and judgments, informed as well as informative.

There is thought back of her talk.

Religion back of her reason.

Backbone to her beliefs.

I attacked origins and sources. I asked her about her early influences, environment; the forces bending the twig that so might the tree incline.

"My mother," Miss Kennedy said, "did a very precious thing for me. She gave me self-confidence. Self-reliance. She made me see that life, and what I made of it, was up to me. No one else. From my earliest childhood I knew, and grew to know better, that I must depend upon myself. In other words, that I was I, an entity.

"I had responsibilities

placed upon me. I think I always felt quite as responsible for my mother, for her safety and well-being and comfort as she did for me and mine. My father died when I was extremely young, and mother and I were very much alone. Her whole life was lived for me; we were confidantes, pals, friends, as well as mother and daughter.

"We always talked things over. She never issued an order. She simply stated her opinion, upon which I could form my own.

"My conclusions were my own.

"She made me feel that she trusted me. She made me know that there is a right way and a wrong way, and that she knew I would adhere to the former.

"Well, that is one thing—self-reliance.

"Another important factor in the development of any person, it seems to me, is the elimination of fear. Fear is one of the great handicaps. Fear of little things. Futile fear. Fear of this thing happening, or of that thing happening. Most of them nameless, formless things. Most of them things which never materialize save in the ridden mind of the individual. People are constantly fearing something that may happen.

"When it became necessary for me to go on the

stage in order to earn my living—and it was necessary—I found my early training stood me in good stead. I have never had a chaperone.

"Mother has often gone with me on tours and such things, but only because she wanted to go so that we might be together, and never because she felt that she should.

"I've made my own contracts, accepted or refused my own offers. I've also made my own mistakes.

"Sometimes I think that something beautiful has taken care of me—perhaps it is a trace of mysticism, so much a force since the war, that makes me feel this way. My marriage, for instance—something beautiful must have kept me for that. Most girls—boys, too, I suppose—pass through a very dangerous age. Between seventeen and twenty, let us say.

"Girls fall in love, or think they fall in love. They con- (Continued on page 56)



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

Madge Kennedy—A Film Feminist

Film-fans and theatregoers en masse have associated the players of the silent and spoken drama with the superficial sparkle of life—or with the parts they have played. The Thinker back of Terpsichore has seldom been made manifest. But, as a matter of fact, there are a great many sincere and thoughtful and earnest persons on the Screen today; women who have labored with brain as well as body, who have thought and philosophized and developed, vitally and significantly. Among these, one of the most earnest, the most thoughtful, the most conscientious, and the most worth-while, sociologically, personally and professionally is Madge Kennedy, in private life Mrs. Harold Bolster

Rex Ingram Films a Famous Romance

ANTHONY HOPE'S NOVEL, "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA," IS SCREENED WITH A CAST INCLUDING LEWIS STONE, ALICE TERRY, ROBERT EDESON, STUART HOLMES AND BARBARA LA MARR



LEFT: The comparisons of King Rudolph of Ruritania meet Rudolph Rassendyl, a young Englishman, and are struck by his resemblance to their sovereign



RIGHT: Rassendyl, the masquerader, is crowned amid public rejoicing and the first to give him the oath of allegiance is the king's cousin, Princess Flavia, with whom he falls madly in love and to whom he announces his betrothal at a royal ball



ABOVE: The King drinks a glass of wine which has been drugged by an agent of Black Michael, who plans to pass off Rassendyl as the King and seize the throne for himself. Stupefied, the King is imprisoned in the hunting lodge at Zenda



ABOVE: Rassendyl confesses to Flavia that he is not the real King and leaves her, broken-hearted, to return to England

BELOW: The supporters of the King clash with the followers of Black Michael on the drawbridge at Zenda and defeat them



What a Lucky Chap I Am

HERE AT LAST IS A PLAYER WHO DOES NOT BELIEVE THAT HE IS ENTIRELY RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS OWN SUCCESS

By Edward J. Burns

ONCE, only once, have I played the part of the minister on the screen. It was in *Male and Female*. As a result, within the next month, I had at least a dozen requests to perform marriages, twenty-six offers to conduct christenings and two appeals to deliver the final ceremonies at funerals. The proponents of these various requests were good enough to say that I was the ministerial type so true to life on the screen that they naturally thought I was an ordained clergyman, a compliment that I do appreciate despite the embarrassing complications that resulted. However, I have not played in a ministerial role since and I do not anticipate doing so again in the near future. For one thing my face has grown a bit too round since the time I played in that Cecil B. DeMille production, and for another, I have a sneaking feeling that if I were to don the garb I should appear too hale and healthy for one supposed to have been worn to the marrow by a life of service and self sacrifice for others.

I mention this fact by way of explanation for my initial venture into print. This is the first article I have ever written for any publication and it was only after much persuasion that I dared to try my hand at it. I fear that if I should have to make literary effort a practice I would be shown up in an ill-fitted role.

Looking back on my earlier years in the Philadelphia schools and in the Orpheum-Stock Company, I can appreciate the good fortune the years have brought. Only recently I ran across a former schoolmate whom I had not seen for a decade; and when I described my present work opposite such stars as Katherine MacDonald, he exclaimed involuntarily:



"Gee, what a lucky chap you are!"

He's right. There was a lot of hard work in that preliminary training course in stock and intensive study. While we were playing *East Lynne* one week, we would be rehearsing *The Lion and the Mouse* for the next, and at the same time reading script for productions to be selected for two weeks later. We left the theatre long after the last theatre-goers had bolted the windows and put out the lights of their homes and had to be on deck a little before the first noontime edition of the afternoon dailies.

Behind that work was undoubtedly a lucky star, because others who have worked just as hard have never had the same opportunity to get ahead.

When the chance came I broke into motion pictures because it seemed that the screen was an undeveloped prodigy with immense latent power. Nothing that has occurred since has caused me to alter this belief, and even today I am convinced that, despite the magnitude of the motion picture industry as it exists, it is only a forerunner of what it is going to be.

Since that time fortune has been kind to me. I have drifted from one role right into another. Each part has called for distinctive characterization, and this wide



ABOVE: Edward Burns. BELOW: Mr. Burns and Katherine MacDonald in a scene from "The Woman's Side"

range of experience has been a boon that could not have been purchased at any price. I have already spoken of my tutelage under Cecil B. DeMille. Then I supported Wallace Reid in *The Love Burglar*, played the part of a doctor in *To Please One Woman*, had a leading role as publisher's son in *The Woman's Side*, starring Katherine MacDonald, and my latest picture is with George Arliss.

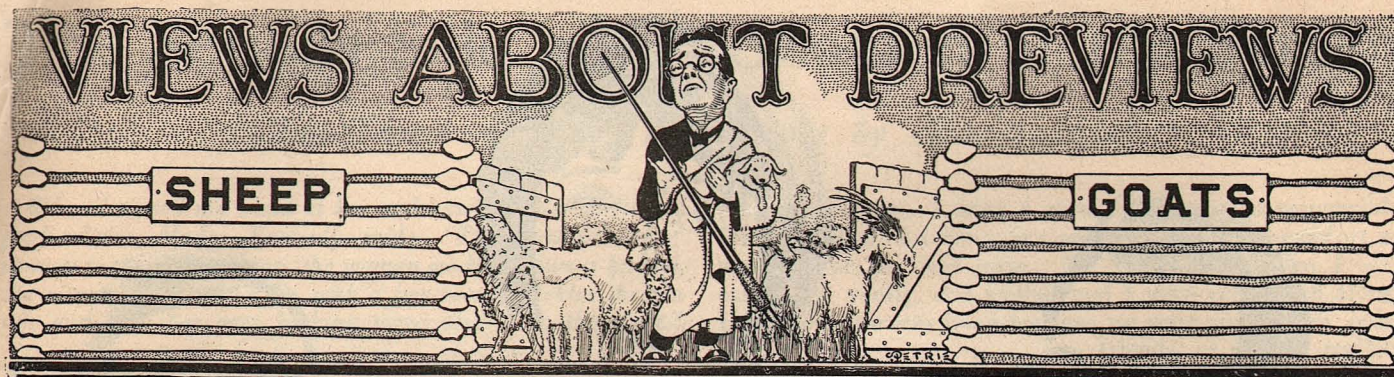
In all my screen career I have had an aversion to playing only one kind of character: the man who won't stand up for his convictions. I can't act the (Continued on page 52)



UPPER LEFT: Guy Bates Post as Leder, who impersonates Chilcote. UPPER CENTER: Barbara Tennant as Robins, Leder's landlady. UPPER RIGHT: Guy Bates Post as Chilcote, arrogant, fastidious, powerful. CENTER: Mr. Post

and Marcia Manon as Chilcote and Lady Astrupp. LOWER LEFT: Kenneth Gibson as Blessington, Chilcote's secretary. LOWER CENTER: Ruth Sinclair as Eve, the wife. LOWER RIGHT: Herbert Standing as Fraide, leader of the House of Commons

The Characters in "The Masquerader," Sketched by Frank Geritz



By Arthur Denison

WE SEE that the generous editor has given us an elaborate heading all our own this month. The only difficulty with the drawing is that there are too many sheep and too few goats. If things keep on at their present rate, we shall have to consult the artist and have the sheep pen cut down to about the size of a bird-cage, while the hostelry for the goats will have to have annexes built which will extend across this page and the next.

We have seen ten feature pictures and two comedies this month. The comedies are quite all right. One feature, *Gypsy Passion*, has reason to hold up its head unashamed. And that is a foreign production. One other feature, *Man to Man*, might possibly slip by on the score of its swiftly moving physical action. As to the others, we can see no possible excuse for their ever having been made.

After watching *The Crimson Challenge* and *Find the Woman* during the same morning we were barely able to crawl to the hospitable house of a friend of ours who had the foresight to observe the impending shadow of Mr. Volstead and to be warned by it. Thanks to his kindness we were able to get home.

We thought that we had touched bottom last month, but apparently the abyss of producers' stupidity has no bottom. We have gone down so far that last month's resting place seems a most desirable and elevated spot.

Who knows what the matter is? Have the producers come to the ends of their pitiful strings? Or are they waiting for Mr. Hays to tell them what kind of pictures to make? We don't know.

Gypsy Passion—Vitagraph

Probably, when all is said and done, the story of *Gypsy Passion* is not of any great importance. It is a literal enough tale; but since it deals with a kind of life with which we are not very familiar in this country—gypsies and their back-

ground of legend and superstition—we are inclined to look upon it as a figment of a romantic imagination.

Indeed, it came out of the romantic mind of Jean Richepin, and it is bolstered with improbabilities and coincidences which somewhat strain credulity. The story relates how a gypsy woman of great age and great learning in her peculiar lore lives a hand-to-mouth existence among the ruins of a castle on the estate of a French nobleman. With her are her granddaughter and an uncannily human bear—the remaining symbol of her nomadic, fortune-telling days.

They are permitted to continue in this haphazard tenantry because of the nobleman's scholarly interest in gypsy matters. And also because he has, on behalf of learning, surreptitiously borrowed from the old woman a number of ancient manuscripts which were her most prized possessions.

That is the background for the story's action which has to do with the recovery of her treasured writings and the ultimate marriage of her granddaughter to the adopted heir of the nobleman's house, a conclusion against which the gypsy woman battled with all her wits and her fury until a confession from the count established the youth as himself a gypsy, and the translation of some esoteric ciphers proved him the appointed leader of the old woman's gypsy tribe.

Romantic enough as a story, yes. Unbelievable, perhaps, if one does not go in for fancy. But the whole of it is made extraordinarily vivid and impressive by memorably fine acting.

Richepin himself, turned actor for the moment, plays the count, and he is definitely and authentically the aristocrat. He is charming to look at and delightful to watch, with his nervous gestures, his intelligent, eager response to the emotional demands which the part makes upon him. Ivor Novello, a young Englishman whose present chief claim to fame is that he wrote *Keep the Home Fires Burning*, and a dusky Latin beauty, rather ridiculously named Desdemona



"Man to Man"



Rejane, "Gypsy Passion"



"Find the Woman"

Mazza, play the young lovers in a pleasingly restrained fashion.

But what illuminates the whole picture is the acting of Madame Rejane as the old gypsy.

There is a certain extrinsic, sentimental interest in the fact that she died a few days after the completion of this picture, and that just as the phonograph can still make your rooms ring with the living voice of Caruso, so, too, can the pictures bring before you the almost perfect semblance of a living, breathing woman who is now vanished from the world.

But Rejane's performance is not in need of any such factitious support. It is a thing of rare beauty; elemental in its grasp and portrayal of the old woman's tragedies and her joys. You will seldom see such perfect mastery of the art of pantomime. What hands she had, expressive beyond words; what a face, what eyes, and what a smile!

If you find pleasure in sitting before an actress who has mastered her art, here is a joyous opportunity for you. And we wish that all those blond flappers who, because they chance to have a pretty face, imagine themselves actresses, might go again and again to this picture and try and absorb a little of Madame Rejane's abundant artistry. It is rather tragic that she made only this one appearance in pictures when there is such need of her example.

The Heart Specialist—*Realart*

The Heart Specialist is a trivial little picture which probably will not hurt anyone very much. The attitude of its producers must be rather like that of the makers of those muchly-advertised pre-digested breakfast foods. They apparently decided to take all the mental cereals which were to go into it and do all the hard digestive work themselves, leaving only the little simple, obvious result for future audiences to swallow. That was kind of them, but we don't imagine that it was particularly difficult. There must have been a blight abroad in the land where those cereals were grown.

Facetiously, we say that it probably will not hurt anyone. And it will not so long as one maintains the ability to dismiss this kind of froth with either a laugh or an exclamation of disgust. Seriously, we say that this story and all of a kindred falsity have the capacity for working a great deal of evil.

For we doubt if any mind can be continually saccharine-proof, and it seems to us only a question of time before the sloppy, sentimental, muddled thinking, the unreal people and their unreal actions, of such pictures as this, must have their devastating effect on the minds of their beholders.

This particular picture is all about a young newspaper reporter of the allegedly gentler sex who pretends that she escaped from a harem so that she might gather a feature story for her newspaper.

It would be excellent entertainment for morons.

Pay Day—*First National*

We yelled our head off in riotous laughter at Mr. Chaplin in *Pay Day*. And we thought how genuine, how great an artist he is. How much better one's time was spent in watching this short comedy than in the seeing of those reels after reels of pretentious piffle which make up the average so-called feature picture.

So we decided that we had best write a little piece to go in this space about Mr. Chaplin as an artist. A piece to prove that, although he was vulgar, his was a kind of vulgarity of which the world was in great need. To prove that when people referred to him as being merely ridiculous it was because they could not distinguish between ridicule and buffoonery.

But then we chanced to read an article by Heywood Broun, in some more or less current magazine, dealing with Mr. Chaplin, in which he said that it was high time that people who wrote criticisms and reviews left off trying to add proof to the fact that Mr. Chaplin was a great artist.

That statement of Mr. Broun's made a particular appeal to us at the moment. For we had just come from a meeting of the Association Against National Prohibition and had listened for three weary hours to impassioned orators furiously trying to prove how iniquitous the Volstead act is. That did not need any demonstration to us. We should not have been there if we had not already believed so.

So we shall restrain our impulse to plunge into adjectives and prove Mr. Chaplin an artist. When a fact is as firmly founded as that, there is no need of our trying to construct critical flying buttresses with which to prop it.

Pay Day is a vastly entertaining picture full of healthy laughter. Yes, full of healthy guffaws.

Bought and Paid For—*Famous Players*

If we did not know that William deMille was beyond accepting a subsidy from anyone, we should suppose that his most recent picture had been bought and paid for by the Anti-Saloon League. For if the story means anything—and we imagine that it is meant to—it is an argument against the drinking of hard liquors.

You are asked to believe that a physically attractive and prodigally wealthy young man, already the president of a railroad, offered marriage to an empty-headed but most attractive telephone operator, who had watched life go by from the vantage point of the switchboard in a metropolitan hotel. She was a nice girl, to be sure; one who lived in a two-by-four Harlem flat with a hard-working sister; one who cast envious eyes upon the approaching wedded bliss of that sister and her fat, semi-comic, commercial salesman beau; one whose idea of Midian luxury would have been a small string of Tecla pearls.



"The Leather Pushers"



"The Green Temptation"



"The Crimson Challenge"

You are asked to believe that, although there was no other prospect upon her marital horizon, it was with difficulty that she brought herself to accept the proposal of the young gentleman, remembering always that no suggestion of demerit was attached to that worthy person.

You are asked to believe, after the young lady became his wife and simultaneously the proud possessor of all the diamonds and real pearls, all the genuine Jacobean furniture, all the celadon vases, all the grand pianos and lingerie, the butlers and the ladies-in-waiting that were not at the moment working in other pictures, that she still maintained an aloof and unwifely attitude toward the patient husband.

You are asked to believe that she did so because she did not "love" him, whatever that may mean. Whether she lived with him as his wife was not made clear. At all events, she did not "love" him. She said so.

You are asked to believe that because of her unfriendly demeanor the young man sought a little conviviality and companionship in a bottle of gin. (The only believable thing to date.)

You are asked to believe that on coming home one night a little squiffy—but never more delightful; witness the charming scene in which he played with the sister's baby—the wife had near hysterics because she had married a drunkard and locked her bedroom door against him. Upon which the infuriated husband seized a poker about as substantial as a large knitting needle and attacked the massive, oaken door.

You are asked to believe that after a vicious jab or two the panel was burst through, revealing that what was supposedly the stoutest of wood bore a strong family resemblance to a piece of Beaver Board. After having entered in

this ungentlemanly fashion, the husband muttered something about having bought and paid for the lady and that by goodness gracious he was going to have her. This so annoyed the icicle wife that she handed him back his wedding ring and other jeweled knickknacks, put her toothbrush in a black seal traveling bag and went home to her sister.

Finally, you are asked to believe that after a few weeks of moping about on the part of both of them, they engaged in the interchange of some affectionate falsehoods which culminated in the husband promising to give up alcohol if she would be a good little girl and bring her toys and play in his backyard again just as she used to do. Having had her own way about the tipping, she quite naturally agreed, which was the welcome last course of this little domestic table d'hôte.

To all of which, except the bit about the gin, we say: Bunk!

Jack Holt played the husband, supposedly as Mr. deMille told him to play it. Consequently one cannot blame him for having made the character a courteous, thoughtful gentleman, when, if the story was to have any validity, he should have made him bestial and unattractive.

Walter Hiers was comical to the extent that you find fat men with funny faces amusing.

Agnes Ayres wore some beautiful, revealing clothes.

This picture alarms us somewhat. It would seem as if William deMille had borrowed a page or two and some of the illustrations out of one of his brother Cecil's false primers. We wish that he would rummage in his own library and find another *Miss Lulu Bett*. (Continued on page 51)

These Also Ran

"THE GREEN TEMPTATION." Betty Compson shows more signs of having some individuality than she has in any picture since *The Miracle Man*. But she is again weighed down with an absurd story about the pursuit of a stolen jewel; a story cluttered up with bogus Belgian princes and Scotland Yard detectives and which ends in a blaze of imitation glory at a masked ball, where a lot of elderly ladies and gentlemen who ought to know better run about waving Japanese lanterns and shouting, "So this is Bohemia!"

"THE BIGAMIST." An English production starring one Ivy Duke, who at times almost lived up to the producer's

assertion that she is the world's most beautiful woman. But the story, Oh the story! It made us wish that Mr. Harding had written something about the Limitation of British Scenarios into the conclusions reached by his Conference. It went on forever. It was still going on when the picture stopped. We think the Germans had some inside information about this story when they pleaded Gott Strafe England.

"THE CRIMSON CHALLENGE." Next to the worst picture we ever saw.

"FIND THE WOMAN." The worst picture we ever saw.

Your Best Friend

A Rhymed Review

Come listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the quaintest photoplay of the year;
"Your Best Friend" is the fetching name of it,
And far from us is the wish to make game of it;
But its roster of actors is strictly one-sided,
A state of affairs THIS reviewer derided;
Never yet was a film, in appearances facial,
So appallingly, starkly, oppressively racial.
We looked and we looked and at last were rewarded
With one gentile face, quite faintly recorded;
But that lonely infringer, in manner enclitic,
Was soon lost in a swarm completely Semitic.

The story, a dramatical film arabesque,
A stepchild, forlorn, of the fine "Humoresque,"
Has a moral of treachery and unhealthy sappiness,
One old and well proven: That Riches ain't Happiness;
That one should not seek to find gay, wild abandon
In glasses of sparkling, bright Moët and Chandon,
When all that one needs for a happy career
Are pretzels and steins of good eight per cent beer.
And, much as it hurts us to make this confession,
The film also proves that an endless procession
Of close-ups of Miss Vera Gordon a-weeping
Make wakefulness pain, but lend pleasure to sleeping.

A. D.



DEAR READERS OF FILMPLAY:

This month I am going to write about hats. If I covered the subject completely I would have to use all the pages of an entire issue of FILMPLAY—or even more—for this season there are so many styles of hats that to describe them seems an endless task. Therefore, I am only going to tell you about some hats that I have seen recently which have appealed to me as being very lovely and in extremely good taste.

Before I actually get down to particulars, let me indulge in a few generalities. Of late I have seen hundreds of young girls wearing exactly the same kind of hat. They are the type called the "flapper," and they affect a style in dress and hats that marks them as thoroughly as if they wore a uniform. Their present choice of a hat is a small, soft felt shape, untrimmed except for a binding of braid on the edge of the upturned brim. The hat is worn far down over one eye, somewhat after the manner in which their male counterpart, the "flipper," wears his crushed-in fedora. Occasionally I have seen a girl to whom this style is becoming. But for every girl who wears the "flapper" hat successfully I have seen ten others who looked absolutely ludicrous. If they had sought for a comic effect they could not have been more successful. On the stage their very appearance would have sent an audience into gales of laughter. Of course, they do not realize how funny they look, for they know they are fashionable.

But is one ever in fashion when they are wearing things which are in bad taste? I don't think so. My only object in beginning my chat on hats by speaking of the selection of a popular style, regardless of whether it becomes you or not, is to aid you in choosing your hats so that they will always be becoming. When you go to a milliner's, study your face and head. Try on many hats. Don't choose the first thing that comes along or decide before you ever enter the shop that you must have a certain hat just because your friend has one which looks well on her. Be individual. Don't sink your personality in a popular mode, which will probably make you so like the crowd that new acquaintances will not remember you. Wear the things that express your own individuality. This is especially necessary in the matter of hats, and this season there are so many styles, all of which are in excellent taste, that one is merely careless if she does not find the hat that best sets off her own type of beauty.

Personally I prefer small hats because I am small and can carry them better. Of course, I have a few large ones for summer wear, but I always think of them as sunshades rather than hats. I think most women, unless they are very tall, look better in a close-fitting hat. For dress wear, however, a large hat is often more effective.

Let me tell you about a few of my own hats for spring. I have one which I like particularly. It is one emerald green felt, and it turns up most engagingly in the front. There is no trimming on it, with the exception of a band of the green material around the crown. I also have several small hats of different colors, all made on the same model. They pull down very closely about my head and have a soft brim which

turns up just as I want it to. They are made of silk, twisted into a soft rope and sewed round and round, just as a straw braid would be sewed. They are the most comfortable hats I have ever owned.

My observation of small hats this season is that they are all trimmed on one side, if they are trimmed at all. This one-sided trimming is always so cleverly arranged, however, that the balance of the hat is not disturbed. One of the loveliest hats I have seen recently is made of brown Milan straw with a wide brim rolling up from the face. On the right side it has a large flaring bow of brown moire ribbon faced with satin.

Another charming hat is of soft gray felt, with a brim which comes down over the eyes. On the right side of the brim it carries a cluster of tiny gray birds, beak to beak, as if they were all feeding from the same dish. Still another delightful hat is of black taffeta, with an almost negligible brim that is faced with red straw. To this brim clings an exotic bird the plumage of which is made entirely of glittering jet sequins.

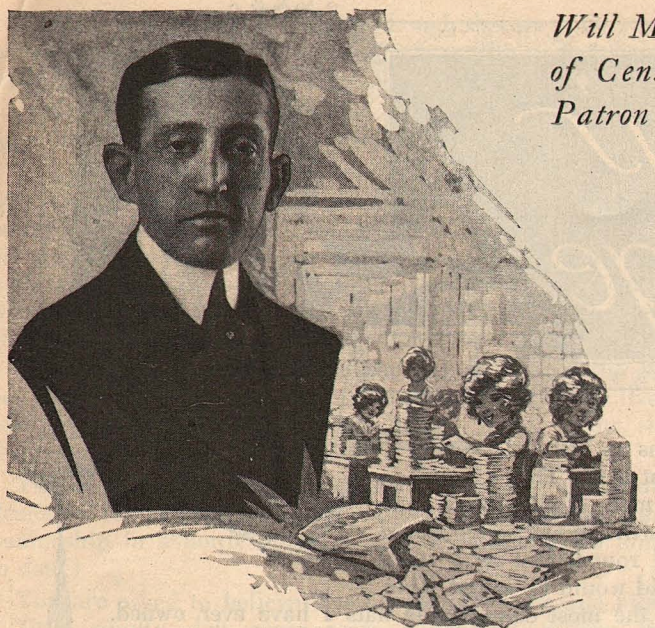
In the realm of large hats the brims seem to be as broad as can be worn with ease. As one dressmaker in Paris argues, since dresses have increased in length hats may increase in width. One lovely thing which a friend of mine wears with huge success has a brim which resembles nothing quite so much as a large pinwheel. It is circled in tones of red velvet, vivid at the crown and shading into black at the brim's edge.

As the rims grow wider so do the crowns grow higher. One hat of black straw has a brim of surprising width and the height of the crown, which is of red satin and velvet and gold galloon, is raised by a bunch of black ostrich feathers which spring from it. Another large hat of straw is completely red except for the black cherries which mingle with the cock feathers that entirely encircle the high crown.

Olive green straw is the material for another hat of extremely wide and extremely straight brim. Its only trimming is an occasional long green leaf which sprouts out over the brim from a twist of green velvet which encircles the crown.

Between the brimless and almost brimless hats and those whose brims are of the most extreme width lie hundreds of styles which may suit you. Every woman owes it to herself to make the utmost of what Nature has given her. Therefore, she must study herself with infinite patience. Then, when she knows what she can wear and what she cannot wear, let her make her decision. And let her remember that her hat is the first thing seen. I think the hat is often the keynote of the costume.

Mae Murray



Will Mr. Hays be the David to overcome the Goliath of Censorship or a Moses to lead Producer and Patron to the Promised Land? Read below his reply to

Filmplay's Open Letter

to him in the April number. The discussion on opposite page is of timely interest—altogether making an auspicious opening of Filmplay's new department

THE FORUM

IN ITS issue for April FILMPLAY published an *Open Letter to Mr. Will Hays*. The letter, written by Arthur Denison, called to the attention of Mr. Hays the very great opportunities and the equally great responsibilities which lie before him as the newly chosen executive head of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, a position in the motion picture industry analogous to that which Judge K. M. Landis holds in the realms of organized baseball.

Apparently Mr. Hays was interested in what Mr. Denison had to say. At his suggestion the editor of FILMPLAY visited him at his office and together they talked over what Mr. Hays hopes to accomplish.

"I have come into the field of pictures," Mr. Hays said by way of preamble, "only after a very long and very serious consideration of the change I was making. As Postmaster-General of the United States I had a big field of endeavor. Motion pictures seemed to me a larger field. The potentialities of motion pictures are tremendous. I believe that they have not been developed. It is my aim to develop the moral and artistic possibilities of the screen to the greatest degree. It is with the understanding that I should be permitted to attempt this that I became associated with pictures. My contract carries such a stipulation.

"What I do not know about pictures at present would fill many large volumes. But I am said to have the ability to grasp a situation quickly and already, in the few weeks I have been in my new position, I have learned many things. I believe that producers are ready and anxious to make pictures as fine artistically and as clean morally as they can be made. I believe that as pictures are improved within, the need of any outside censorship will vanish. I am going to devote the next few years—my best years—to bringing the standard of pictures to a higher level.

"There are many millions who go to pictures each day. It is for them I am working. It is for the children who go to picture theatres. Pictures and picture people are very real to them.

"Let me give you an example. Recently I took home three cowboy suits, one for my boy, the others for two of his friends. They started to put them on. I heard a tremendous argument. They were arguing to see which one of them would be Bill Hart. One of them finally said, 'Well,

you be Bill and I'll be Doug!' That shows the part pictures are playing in our daily life. A few years ago those boys wouldn't have thought of Bill Hart or Doug Fairbanks. They would have argued over which one was to be Custer, or Buffalo Bill, or General Sherman, or some other figure of history. It is for the people that I'm going to work."

Perhaps part of the speech Mr. Hays made at a great dinner given in his honor recently also answers the question as to what he is going to do. At his own suggestion it is quoted here.

"The motion picture industry accepts the challenge in the demand of the American public for the highest quality of art and interest in its entertainment. The industry accepts the challenge in the demand of the American youth that its pictures shall give them the right kind of entertainment and instruction. We accept the challenge in the righteous demand of the American mother that the entertainment and amusement of that youth be worthy of their value as the most potent factor in the country's future.

"By our opportunities are our responsibilities measured. From him to whom much is given much is required. The potentialities of the motion picture as a source of amusement which is necessary, and as a moral influence and educational factor, are limitless.

"If this is so, and it is undeniable, then just as that opportunity is great, so in like measure is the responsibility. That responsibility is accepted. Our association is dedicated to the aid of the industry in the discharge of these obligations. It is a task that commands the best efforts of everyone.

"With an appreciation of this industry's importance in the business world and a full knowledge of its own great future, yet in the spirit of humility which recognizes difficulties and limitations, this association takes up its work in the confidence born of the knowledge of its earnest purpose, and with the conviction that we will have the sympathy and co-operation of all those connected in any way with the industry itself and the co-operation and sympathy of the public, whose servant the industry is."

To sum it all up, Will Hays, by his own statement, is going to supervise "a house cleaning" in the motion picture industry, a "house cleaning" which the picture-going public demands.

What Would You Do if You Had Mr. Hays' Job?

The Forum Editor of FILMPLAY:

As I understand Mr. Hays' job from the rather meager reports of what he has been chosen to do published in the daily press, his powers are limitless. He is the head of the fourth greatest industry. What he says goes.

If I had Mr. Hays' job and it is all I think it is, I would first of all strive for good taste in pictures. By good taste I mean much more than the phrase generally implies. I mean good taste in stories, good taste in their adaptation for the screen, good taste in their acting and direction. I would make an effort to see that stories reproduced life as it is, not as it exists in the mind of some director or scenario writer. I would abolish impossible situations; I would demand real actors; I would—and this is the most important thing, the keystone of all my demands—I would keep in mind the fact that screen audiences have intelligence; that they can't be fooled all the time. I would not forget that pictures are made to make money, but I would keep to my belief that they will not make money if they are made with no other end in view. GEORGE K. RANSOME.

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Forum Editor FILMPLAY:

If I had Mr. Hays' job I would see to it that the small towns which (although they never get pictures until the big cities have tired of them) are just as loyal patrons of the movies as are to be found anywhere, got prints of the pictures that were in good condition. It is very annoying to see a picture which has done service for many months and which has been so cut and scratched that often it resembles the flickering films of ten years ago. But it is more annoying to see a picture in which perhaps a whole episode of the action has been cut out simply because it was torn or cut and the projection machine operator, instead of returning it to the makers for repairs, has merely joined up the part before the injured section with the part after it. If I were Mr. Hays I would see that all film patrons saw the picture they paid to see. MARY EMMA RYAN.

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Dear Forum Editor:

If I were Mr. Will Hays, and had it in my power to correct all the faults of motion pictures, I would make my first attacks on press agents who make false statements about pictures. I recently went to see a picture which was billed as a super-production, an original story, etc., etc., only to find that I had seen the same story infinitely better acted two or three years ago. Again I was taken in by the absorbing stories about a super-thriller, and on spending my fifty cents to be thrilled found the situations in the picture so silly (although they were supposed to be taken seriously) that the audience, instead of rocking with excitement, swayed with derisive laughter. Let the ad writers and the publicity men tell the truth. If Mr. Hays were the head of a company making "flivvers" he would not permit them to be described to the public as Rolls-Royces. If any of the producers with whom he is associated make "flivvers," let them advertise them as "flivvers." And, judging from the pictures I have seen recently, "flivvers" are all the go. If I were Mr. Hays

I'd work for truth in publicity. Audiences will turn down bad pictures, but there isn't much they can do in the matter of false advertising. LOUIS R. JACOBS.

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My Dear Sir:

What would I do if I had Will Hays' job? That is quite a question for a layman, whose only experience with pictures is as an observer. Yet since it is *hoi polloi* who pay the money, perhaps we have the right occasionally to raise our voice.

My program would be simple and would fall into five divisions, as follows:

1. I should place an immediate ban on all those stories which deal with unrelated sex as an end in itself and apparently produced to gratify a cheap desire for exhibitionism; but I should bar no story which was truthful and honest, no matter whether pleasant or unpleasant.

2. I should prohibit any further splurges from the common garden variety of press agent. Their tawdry and false sensationalism has, I think, done more harm to pictures than any other single cause. I refer to such patent rot as a picture I saw the other day of Guy Bates Post putting on his grease paint to the accompaniment of a five-piece orchestra. Perhaps that was intended to stimulate interest in Mr. Post. In me it aroused only nausea.

3. I should exert myself in every reasonable way to make it possible and agreeable for authors to work in close collaboration with scenario writers and directors in the production of their stories.

4. Which would mean that I should have to clear the scenario departments of their vast numbers of incompetents; and

5. I should have to make the earnest effort to induce men and women of taste, intelligence and creative ability to become directors, so that the field of directorship might no longer be what it is at present, a kind of Artistic County Farm where earnest, but creatively poverty-stricken souls are made welcome and comfortable.

That is a large program, but once it got swinging into action, I think the improvement would be noticeable and immediate. FRANKLIN LANCASTER.

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Forum Editor:

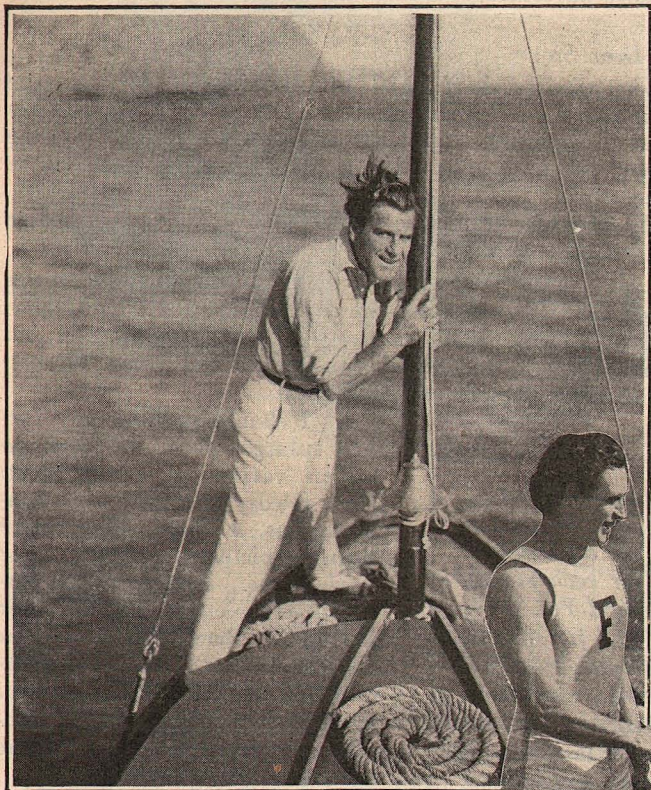
Dear Sir: If I had Mr. Will Hays' job I would attempt the impossible. I would endeavor to curb the yellow journals of this country in the matter of the material they publish about picture stars. I would try to make it impossible for them to make a scandal out of whole cloth. I would try to stop them from maligning certain players in films simply because the actions of a few members of the screen colony in Hollywood are no better than they should be. I would take the stain off the motion picture profession as a whole and I would keep it off. I admire FILMPLAY for the stand it has taken in presenting the truth about Hollywood and the movie colony. If the people who run to read the scandals in the movie world would look about them they would probably find just as much to interest their peculiar types of mind in their own circles. LAURA B. BENSON.

In order to make THE FORUM interesting and important, FILMPLAY will conduct a monthly CONTEST, open to all readers. Topics will be suggested for each month, the one for July, "What Would You Do If You Had Mr. Hays' Job?" and for August, "Things I Don't Like in Moving Pictures"—such as story, scenes, titles, characters, or any phase of this great and intimate industry. (See page 56.) For the best article we will pay \$5.00, to the second \$3.00, and to the third \$2.00, and to all others accepted and used will pay \$1.00 each. Write clearly on one side of sheet only. Unused articles returned only when requested and accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelope. Address Forum Editor Filmplay, 15 E. 40th St., New York City

Out of the West

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS

By Dennis McCauley



Bert Lytell becomes a sailor

THE most welcome news, particularly to the players, which can be reported from Los Angeles for this month, is that the long-threatened resumption of activity seems to be at hand. A lot of our better-known picture actors and actresses have been out of jobs for so long a time that they will have to be personally introduced to a pay check or they will never recognize it.

But relief is in sight. At the beginning of this month the Universal studios had thirteen companies at work—and no one looked upon that fact as a jinx, either—eleven companies were busy at the Lasky plant, seven at Fox, five at Ince, four at Vitagraph and proportionate numbers at the smaller studios. This begins to look like the halcyon times of two and three years ago.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have returned from New York, where they went to defend the suit which a Mrs. Wilkenning brought for the third time attempting to collect a commission which she claimed was due her for obtaining a starring contract for Mary several years ago when she was still a star for Famous Players. This time the

case was tried in the Federal court and the decision was in Mary's favor.

With her legal complications safely packed away in moth balls, Miss Pickford at once turned her attention to her next production, which will be a new picturization of one of her earlier successes, *Tess of the Storm Country*. It will be directed by John Robertson, perhaps the most uniformly successful director that the Paramount company has. He has been loaned for this one production only.

Fairbanks is already hard at work on the preliminaries for

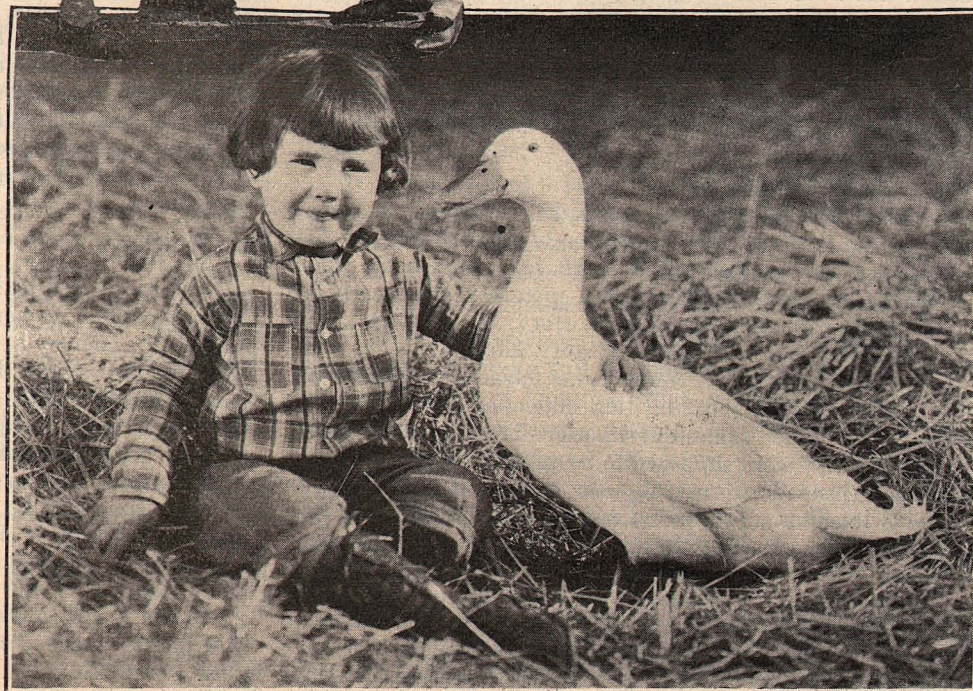
his romantic story out of the middle ages, in which he will play an heroic role, which is a combination of the Earl of Huntington and Robin Hood. It is said that the sets for this film will be even larger than those for

Intolerance, which cluttered up the greater part of Hollywood's natural scenery for many years, or for Universal's *Foolish Wives*, which similarly defaced the hills at Del Monte. And the production and costuming will exceed the lavishness of the *Three Musketeers*.

All the members of the cast are learning to fence and act and talk like a lot of robbers out of Sherwood Forest. Among them are Enid Bennett, who hasn't been seen in pictures for a long time, and who will play Maid Marian; Wallace Beery, who should make a doughty Richard the Lion Hearted; Sam



CENTER: George Walsh meets Charlie Paddock, champion sprinter. BELOW: Baby Peggy and one of her supporting company



de Grasse, and Paul Dickey, the playwright, who will give up writing stage villains and act one for pictures. He will be the evil Guy of Gisborne.

Speaking of Mr. Fairbanks reminds us that Marguerite de la Motte, who played leading roles so effectively with him in *The Mark of Zoro* and the *Three Musketeers*, is a star in her own right now. She has just finished *The Brotherhood of Hate* and is beginning *A Man of Action*, both of which are being made at the Ince studio. If she doesn't go the way of most star flesh, Miss de la Motte ought to be an extremely interesting feature player.

Clara Kimball Young, who has been traipsing about the country making personal appearances in connection with her pictures, has returned to Hollywood and has made arrangements with the Metro company to release her future stories. It is generally the rule that making personal bows just before your film goes on is the last refuge of the defeated player. But apparently Miss Young plans to stage a come-back. Given the proper kind of stories, there is no reason why she should not.

Anita Stewart, accompanied by her husband and a handbag full of excess baggage checks, has gone East on a vacation. They, including the checks, will take a brief look at the gayeties of New Orleans and Palm Beach before going to New York. Miss Stewart has just finished *Rose of the Sea*, in which her husband played the leading part. It was directed by Fred Niblo, once upon a time the brother-in-law of George M. Cohan, but more recently the husband of Enid Bennett. Kathleen Norris alone could keep the Goldwyn company in stories if they do not produce any faster than they have in the past year. However, with the reorganization of that company, which was recently accomplished, a revival of production is looked for. The most recent purchases from the Norris library are *Sis* and *The Happiest Night of Her Life*. Filming of

CENTER: Arthur Rankin and Jackie Coogan. BELOW: Johnny Harron and Marjorie Daw tell Marshall Neilan that they are not engaged



the first of these will commence immediately after the publication of the tale in novel form.

After having played a featured role in *Bought and Paid For*, Jack Holt is again to be starred individually. He will appear in *North of the Rio Grande*, a picturization



Jack Dempsey is introduced to Robinson Crusoe (Harry Myers)

of the Vingie Roe novel *Val of Paradise*. Bebe Daniels, no longer a star since Realart Pictures died a welcome death, plays the supporting part.

William deMille is back in town after his fourth trip to New York in as many months. He brought with him the completed film version of the successful Rachel Crothers play, *Nice People*. Bebe Daniels will play the role made famous on the stage by Francine Larrimore, along with Wallace Reid, Conrad Nagel and Wanda Hawley, also salvaged from the wreck of the Realart program.

While her husband labors daily on the film version of *The Masquerader*, Mrs. Guy Bates Post, otherwise known as Adele Ritchie, declines to sit quiescently at home. Each evening she journeys to Pasadena, where she has joined the Community Players, and will make her bow to Pacific Coast theatre-goers as Annabelle, in Clare Kummer's graceful comedy, *Good Gracious Annabelle*.

The famous Mr. Valentino is making his gory way through a picturization of Ibanez's *Blood and Sand*. June Mathis, who made the adaptation of the *Four Horsemen*, in which (Continued on page 56)

East Coast Activities

By Leo Leary



Vincent Coleman and Mae Murray stage a scene which will never reach the screen

THE past month has been a gay one for all the motion picture celebrities in New York. A series of dances and dinners, all of them of peculiar interest to members of the industry, have brought them together on several momentous occasions.

Of chief interest was the great dinner given to Will Hays, at which the former Postmaster-General was welcomed to his new post as executive head of the industry. The great ballroom at the Hotel Astor was crowded to the walls with more than 1,100 diners. At the speakers' table were many men prominent in public life as well as representatives of the world of films. An innovation was the presence at the speakers' table of several women screen stars, among them Mae Murray, Constance Talmadge, Corinne Griffith and Betty Blythe. John Emerson acted as toastmaster.

In the list of those who made speeches welcoming Mr. Hays were John F. Hylan, Mayor of New York; William Randolph Hearst, Adolph Zukor and Arthur Brisbane. Another party which brought together all of the movie celebrities in and about New York was the ball given by the Paramount Club of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, at the Hotel Commodore, to celebrate the tenth year of the feature motion picture. One of the most interesting features of the evening was a speech by Adolph Zukor, which was distributed by radio to all of the

other Paramount Clubs throughout the country. These clubs are located in all Paramount exchanges, and they all had parties on the same night.

Practically the same crowd which attended the Paramount Ball and the Hays dinner was present at the Sixty Club Ball, given for the benefit of the Actors' Fund, which provides for the care of aged and disabled players. Mary and Doug, who were in town at that time, were prominent in a box, which they shared with Mary's mother.

All of the screen world, as well as those who are interested in pictures without actually being members of the industry, have been finding great enjoyment in Charlie Chaplin's book, *My Trip Abroad*, which has just been published by Harper's. In it Charlie tells, in his own cheerful way, the story of his recent trip to England, his old home, and intersperses the narrative with incidents of the trip which are as droll as any of his comedies. Through the pages flash the great ones of the

screen as well as the leaders in the fields of art, literature and politics. All of them are presented in such an intimate way that they at once become very human. Incidentally, it gives the most complete picture of Charlie himself that I have ever come across, presenting as it does his serious side as well as the side which the public knows so well.

A new leading lady recently appeared on the screen. She is Pauline Garon, who plays opposite Richard Barthelmess in *Sonny*, the adaptation of George V. Hobart's play, which he has just completed. She has done some screen work before and has been seen all of this season in the stage play, *Lilies of the Field*.

One often thinks that it would be a fine thing to be a movie star, but
(Continued on page 51)



ABOVE: Corinne Griffith waves a greeting.
RIGHT: Pauline Garon, Dick Barthelmess' new leading lady

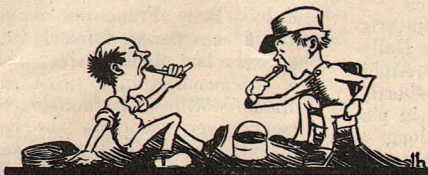




RULES FOR MOVIE FANS

1. If there is a long line at the box-office, pay for your seats with a twenty-dollar bill—and keep 'em waiting.
2. If you sit in an end seat, keep both feet out in the aisle. Somebody may trip and break his neck, but his relatives are sure to see the joke.
3. Dig your knees hard into the seat in front of you. The occupant of the seat probably needs chiropractic treatment anyway.
4. Always read the sub-titles aloud. Possibly there are blind people in the audience who will appreciate it.
5. If you come to the show late with a party of fifteen, stand up in front of your seat until your whole party is comfortably seated. The lad in back of you can find out the story of the film from the usher as he leaves the theatre.
6. If you've read the novel from which the picture was adapted, keep saying at intervals of thirty seconds, "Why, it isn't a bit like the book!" Your neighbors will be interested.

❖ ❖ ❖



The New York movie censors banned a picture showing two long-shoremen eating their lunch, because the censors said they could not tolerate scenes that showed knives being used.

❖ ❖ ❖

Opportunity knocks but once.
Opportunity should be a moving picture critic!

❖ ❖ ❖

THEIR FULL NAMES

William Wallace Reid
William Shakespeare Hart
Cecil Blount DeMille
William Churchill deMille
Mae Murray Leonard

❖ ❖ ❖

The cast of "Nice People" will not, thank goodness, include Pollyanna.

❖ ❖ ❖

A Podunk exhibitor advertises "The Miracle Man" with the Original Cast."

❖ ❖ ❖



Some day we're going to write a novel about a Swede who became a movie star, and call it "Yens of the Lens."

❖ ❖ ❖

Charlie Ray has just completed "Gas, Oil and Water."
Next we may expect

Wally Reid in "Hart, Schaffner and Marx"
Doug Fairbanks in "Light, Wines and Beer."

THE BOX-OFFICE GETS OUR MONEY WHEN—

Rudolph Valentino rolls those Sicilian eyes
Mae Murray dances
Doug cleans up his daily dozen of villains
Betty Compson vamps coyly
Bull Montana is billed in the cast
Ditto Lon Chaney.

❖ ❖ ❖



In her new picture Eileen Percy plays the role of an actress who is flat broke.

We know lots of stars who could take on the part without a make-up and feel perfectly natural in it.

❖ ❖ ❖

AH THERE, MR. LONGFELLOW!

Ads of movie stars remind us,
We can waste a lot of time
By just hangin' round behind a
Lengthy ticket-office line.

❖ ❖ ❖

WHAT EVERY MOVIE FAN KNOWS—

That movie "villains" are always very kindly people in private life, and innocent-eyed ingenues are really very fast and sophisticated off the stage;

That all screen comedians are grouchy old crabs when you get to know 'em;

That it is impossible for a very good-looking girl visitor to walk through a motion picture studio without being offered an engagement and thus starting on the road to stardom;



That movie stars always read all the mail from the fans, because pictures are shown in the magazines catching them in the act of doing it.

❖ ❖ ❖

'Tis rumored that Theda Bara is to return to the screen for one picture.

In other words—back for a short vamp.

❖ ❖ ❖

We had a nightmare the other P. M., in which we dreamed that Ben Turpin played in a picture opposite Marion Davies, with Elsie Ferguson as comedienne.

❖ ❖ ❖

Rupert Hughes' new novel is called "Souls For Sale."
Don't you think some of the movie titles are too sensational, Mr. Hughes?

❖ ❖ ❖

Hollywood has just opened its first ten-cent store. But of course none of the stars will be found in it.



Ask Dad ~ He Knows

(Dad will be glad to tell you everything he knows about film plays and film players, provided your questions will prove of general interest to all readers. Address all communications to "Dad," FILMPAY,

15 East 40th Street, New York City)

Jessie Alexander.—Jackie Saunders is now married and has left the screen. Theda Bara is not acting in the movies at present, although it is rumored she may soon return to the screen at the head of her own company.

Olive.—*Smilin' Through*, taken from the stage play of the same name by Jane Murfin, is Norma Talmadge's latest picture. In it she has two leading men, Wyndham Standing and Harrison Ford.

United.—Anita Loos is the wife of John Emerson, with whom she has collaborated on so many screen successes. Their most recent pictures are *Red Hot Romance* and *Polly of the Follies*, in which Constance Talmadge is starring.

Dadson.—Address Pauline Frederick care R-C Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

John Martin.—Bert Lytell has taken a vacation from pictures and is now appearing in New York in a new play by Owen Davis, called *Up the Ladder*.

Maddo.—Mary Hay, who is playing in *Marjolaine*, a musical version of *Pomander Walk*, is Dick Barthelmess's wife.

Margaret Haymore.—FILMPAY has never published an interview with Wallace Reid by Gloria Swanson and vice versa. You have confused this magazine with some other one. I am glad you like FILMPAY and I think you are going to continue to like it, for the editor has some treats in store for you.

Grayce.—Call you Gracious the Pest, say you? Well, almost. Where did you get the ink? And your friend Bunny must be a mural painter. Your taste as to stars—Miss Swanson and Mr. Valentino—strikes us as being quite all right. Not very original, perhaps, but unquestionably good. You will see them together soon in an Elinor Glyn picture called *Vengeance Is Mine*.

Just a Western Girl.—Now you be a good child and take down your Webster and look carefully under West, etc. You can address Tom Mix and Buck Jones in care of the Fox Studios; Hoot Gibson at the Universal Studios, all in Hollywood; and Jack Hoxie in care of the Arrow Film Company, New York.

Toddie.—John Bowers plays most frequently in Goldwyn Pictures and I think that a letter addressed to him at that studio in Culver City, California, will reach him. His most recent picture which I have seen is *The Silent Call*.

Marian.—You can see Reginald Denny to your heart's content if you will hunt up a theatre which is playing the Universal series called *The Leather Pushers*. You will find a review of one of that series in this issue.

Pauline.—Yes, the winners of these beauty contests sometimes find their way into pictures. You will find two such in a picture called *Beyond the Rainbow*. Go see them and then be assured how much better off you will be if you stay contentedly at home and help

your mother with the dishes. That may not be quite as exciting as having a director shout at you all day, but at least you won't be ashamed to tell your grandchildren about it.

Tom.—Vivian Martin is not appearing in pictures at present. You are right in thinking that some of her earlier pictures had great charm, but bad stories and bad direction killed most of her later efforts. We too wish she might come back in some pictures properly suited to her. She is starring in a play in New York now, and has been for a year.

Ann.—Jack Holt will continue to star for Paramount. He is the featured player with Agnes Ayres in *Bought and Paid For*, and in his next picture will be starred alone. Yes, he began with the Universal Company as did so many others who have since become prominent.

Gerard.—Bertram Grassby is married. His chief interest, aside from pictures, is his garden, which is one of the loveliest in Hollywood. His most recent picture is *For the Defense*, which stars Ethel Clayton.

E. B. L.—You can address Edward Sutherland at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. He is a nephew of both Blanche Ring and Thomas Meighan. The last picture we saw him in was *Nancy From Nowhere*, in which he supported Bebe Daniels.

Dramatist.—Somerset Maugham did one original story for pictures when he was in Hollywood last year on his way to the Malay Archipelago. It will probably be filmed shortly. His play, *Our Betters*, was never done in pictures and probably never will be so long as we submit to the inanities of censorship.

Frances.—Yes, the Rush Hughes who appears in *The Wallflower* is the son of Rupert Hughes who wrote the story. He played this part while in California last summer at home from college. Yale, I think. So far as I know he has not appeared before in pictures.

Minty.—Bert Lytell is in New York at present taking a vacation. I saw him for a few minutes at the Paramount Club ball and he said he would return to Hollywood in a few weeks. Address him at the Metro Studios.

Roberta.—Pola Negri is at present working in Berlin, but it is rumored that she will pay a visit to the United States in the near future. Her director, Ernest Lubitsch, has only recently returned to Europe after a short stay in this country. He is at present directing Miss Negri in a new production.

Helene.—Valentino is to be a Paramount star, having signed a contract with Famous Players to that effect. He is at present working on *Blood and Sand*, a screen version of the novel by Blasco Ibanez, whose *The Four Horsemen* furnished Rex Ingram with such remarkable screen material.

George.—Anna Q. Nilsson and Ann Forest have both returned from England, where they were working at the Paramount London Studio. At present they are in New York, but will return to the coast in the near future.

Jenny.—Address Rudolph Valentino at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

Fritzel.—Priscilla Dean's most recent picture is *Wild Honey*. Her next release is *That Lass o' Lowrie's*.

Swedish.—Gloria Swanson's next picture will be *The Gilded Cage*. She is still working on the West coast.

Maurice.—Vera Gordon, whose performance of the Jewish mother in *Humoresque* established her as one of the finest character actresses of the screen, came to films via the stage. She first acted in Russia and later appeared on the Yiddish speaking stage in New York. Her next release will be *Your Best Friend*. She may be addressed in care of her producers, Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Martin.—Olga Petrova is still acting on the speaking stage in *The White Peacock*, a play from her own pen. Whether or not she will return to pictures in the near future is a question, although she has never lost her interest in the screen, and some day plans to return to films. Her home is at Great Neck, Long Island, N. Y.

G. G.—Fritzi Ridgeway is leading woman for Earle Williams in *Bring Him In*, his new Vitagraph picture. The story, which is one of the Royal Canadian Northwest Police, is by H. H. VanLoan.

Tom.—Mae Murray is again at work on a picture which has been tentatively named *Broadway Rose*. Robert Leonard is, of course, her director. The picture will be a Metro release. She may be addressed at the Amsterdam Studio, West 44th Street, New York City.

Ruby.—Betty Francisco, as you have correctly guessed, was formerly a Follies girl. She began her picture career about two years ago, I remember, in a small part in one of William deMille's productions, the part of a nursery governess. Now she has progressed sufficiently in her work to be cast for important roles. One of her recent is the leading feminine part in Vitagraph's *A Guilty Conscience*, in which Tony Moreno is starred.

Harrison.—Douglas Fairbanks' next picture is to be an adaptation of the *Robin Hood* legend. In the cast will be Enid Bennett as Maid Marian; Wallace Beery as Richard the Lion Hearted; Sam de Grasse as King John, and Paul Dickey as Guy of Gisborne, the villain. Doug himself will play the Earl of Huntington, who becomes Robin Hood.

Curious.—Will Hays' official title is President of the Motion Picture Producers and Directors Association, Inc. His position in the film industry is analogous to that held by Judge K. M. Landis in organized baseball. The directors of the association include William Fox, D. W. Griffith, Mr. Hays, Carl Laemmle, Marcus Loew, Lewis J. Selznick and Adolph Zukor.

Maggie.—It was Ferdinand Earle who produced the screen version of the life of Omar Khayyam. The picture is now being edited. Mr. Earle plans to make a film version of the *Faust* legend as his next production.

Indiana.—Many of Booth Tarkington's stories and plays have reached the screen. I am surprised that you have never seen any of them. One of the most recent screen productions was *The Conquest of Canaan*. Mr. Tarkington's play *Clarence* has recently been purchased by Famous Players and will be produced under the direction of William deMille.

Jessica.—In spite of the fact that Bill Hart threatened to leave the screen when he married Winifred Westover, rumor has it that he will resume work at his studio before many weeks have passed and that his first production will be a Revolutionary War story.

VIEWS ABOUT PREVIEWS

(Continued from page 42)

The Leather Pushers—Universal

We saw one episode of this serial and it seemed to us, aside from *Gypsy Passion*, vastly better stuff than any feature picture we witnessed this month.

We have never cared for serials and consequently we have not seen many, but this is a new kind to us. Each episode is a complete short story in itself, although they are all peopled with the same chief characters. So you can watch the tenth with pleasure and understanding and not be at all confused through your having missed the first nine.

The pictures are adapted from short stories by H. C. Witwer and have to do with the trials and tribulations of a gentleman prize-fighter.

This particular episode relates how the young lightweight loses the hand of the girl he loves, but wins a battle with an East Side heavyweight, knocking the big bruiser out in the third round, only to find that his overzealous manager had wagered the gate that he would make the heavyweight take the count in the second.

Reginald Denny gives a thoroughly good performance as the lightweight and seems to battle pretty well for an actor.

We wish we knew the name of the girl who sat at the ringside cheering for her heavyweight. She was not on the screen for more than a minute altogether, and that in a series of brief flashes. But she gave one of the best performances we have ever seen in pictures.

We recommend *The Leather Pushers* to anyone who cares for a little real life on the screen. And hunt up the second episode and watch for that girl. She's marvelous.

Man to Man—Universal

Man to Man is frank, out-and-out Western melodrama, full of cattle stealing and mortgages on the ranch, culminating in what was meant to be a thrilling fight between the hero and the villain among some precipitous rocks. We thought for a moment that they were going to vary the formula and have the hero go crashing over the precipice, leaving the villain to marry the shrinking heroine, but they ran true to form.

Through some remarkable bit of Arizona jiu-jitsu, the hero got himself into the position of vantage and it was the villain—or was it perhaps a dummy stuffed in semblance to him?—who went hurtling the hundreds of feet down to destruction.

Perhaps our appetite is jaded. Perhaps we have seen so many bad pictures this month that we don't know a good one when it is unreeled before us. But the climax of this drama seemed just about as convincingly fraught with danger as was Eliza's Flight Across the Ice when we witnessed that terrifying spectacle several years ago under the auspices of the McClintock Repertory Company in Darby, Montana. Perhaps not quite so convincing for, while there was no particular danger that the cotton wool ice would give way under Eliza, it was about a four-to-one bet that the stage would.

The producers of *Man to Man* sought to add a little variety to the proceedings by having the story begin in Tahiti, where Harry Carey, as a derelict of the South Seas, took under his protection the small child of a dying dance hall girl who had been fatally wounded in a saloon brawl. But the minute he got the child back to these United States he clapped her into a convent, where she remained until along toward the end of the last reel. And when the poor little girl did come out of her cloistered seclusion, it was only to have some unkind person open another door and lead her into the dark recesses of a ranch house from

which she did not again emerge. So it was a little obscure to us just what connection she had with the plot.

Harry Carey has a likeable personality, direct and honest, and he is more than an ordinarily good actor.

But we couldn't care for his picture.

Is Matrimony a Failure?—

Famous Players

We are not prepared to answer that question, for we have never tried it. But this picture is.

The central idea is amusing. A young bank clerk and the daughter of one of a small town's most respected families elope on the silver wedding anniversary of the bride's mother and father. They obtain their license from a deputy county clerk who holds down the chief clerk's job each November while that worthy is off duck hunting. Presently they learn that the deputy had no authority to issue their license and that, although well begun on their honeymoon, they are not in reality married.

We said the idea was amusing, didn't we? So we had better hurry on to the point, which is that on investigation it is discovered that not only the bride's parents, but practically all their friends who are gathered at their anniversary dinner, were likewise married with licenses got in the month of November. Consequently, all these supposedly respectable folk have been living together for years in an illicit relationship. And the discovery gives every husband the chance he has been howling for to abandon the wife who has long since nearly bored him to extinction.

We never saw the play by Leo Ditrichstein, from which this picture was taken, but we suppose that it utilized some of the playful, ironical possibilities which reside in such a predicament.

But the adapters and the director of this film apparently would not know an ironical situation if their most trusted friend gave them a letter of introduction to one.

They have turned the whole story into a low comedy brawl. Every figure in it, aside from the wife, played by Zazu Pitts, and the bride of Lila Lee, is made into the most ridiculous caricature.

Here is a story which cries aloud for the most delicate, intelligent handling, and they go to work at it with pick axes and shovels. And with minds whose education in comedy must have been restricted to *Joe Miller's Jest Book*.

An Aria in Ray

ON HIS first strip to New York Charles Ray had a hotel suite right near a would-be prima donna who had no consideration for her fellow guests when it came to exercising her lungs at all times of day and night. The strain had been almost intolerable for the young film star by the morning Arthur S. Kane called around for him. Mr. Kane called just as the singer was starting on her most strenuous selection.

"What is it—aria?" Mr. Kane asked.

"No, tonsillitis," Ray replied.

When Monte Blue appeared in Allan Dwan's production "A Perfect Crime," one of the stage hands called Jo, who wore spectacles, persisted in mistaking the leading man for a Mr. Grey, who frequently came to the studio.

"Poor old Jo," Mr. Dwan sighed. "He's so colorblind he can't tell 'em apart any more."

Raoul A. Walsh, who was a painter before he became a motion picture director, says that the only comparison between the two is that both draw money.

EAST COAST ACTIVITIES

(Continued from page 48)

one seldom realizes just how hard the players must work. Recently, Mae Murray and the company which supported her in *Fascination* were forced to spend an entire Sunday posing for special pictures. At the end of the day they were all tired and in moods which were not exactly gay, when suddenly Vincent Coleman danced onto the stage in a dress which he had found in one of the dressing rooms. Immediately he and Miss Murray staged a little scene which was not in the picture, a domestic drama entitled, "Who Wears the Trousers?" The big moment of the piece is reproduced herewith.

There is great activity at the Cosmopolitan Studios, where Marion Davies is making *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. The costuming of the piece, the action of which takes place in Tudor England, is as elaborate as any ever conceived in an American studio, all the dresses being copied from portraits by Holbein, court painter to Henry VIII. You will remember that the same source furnished the splendid costumes for the European-made picture *Deception*.

Charles and Kathleen Norris, husband and wife, both of whom are novelists of importance, are at present in New York. Mr. Norris's most recent novel, *Brass*, has been purchased by Warner Brothers, and will be produced in the near future with the author working in close collaboration with the director.

The eastern studios are in general as quiet as they have been during the past year. Rumor has it that all Selznick production work will soon be transferred to the West Coast, and that will mean that Hollywood will be more than ever the center of the film universe. Fox is still active in the East, and is turning out its usual number of pictures.

With the resignation of Samuel Goldwyn as the active head of the company bearing his name comes the rumor that Goldwyn will abolish its distribution organization and will release all its productions through First National. Another recent change in the organization of producing companies is that made by R-C Pictures, an organization formerly backed by British capital to a large extent, and now controlled by American money. These changes affect the headquarters staffs. Whether or not R-C will continue with its announced production program remains to be seen, but the announcement that Pauline Frederick, one of its stars, would retire from the screen seems to indicate that radical changes are planned.

As yet Will Hays has made no definite announcements of the policy he is to follow, but as soon as he gets a firm grasp of the situation some interesting announcements are to be expected. Mr. Hays is installed in his offices and is studying the problems before him with great care.

RAMBLING IMPRESSIONS OF CALIFORNIA

(Continued from page 16)

A fireplace suffices. It is the land of out-of-doors, of eternal Maytime, orange blossoms and roses.

The people are less formal, neighbors welcome you, and one can be one's self at all times—dig in a garden or hang out the wash without losing any social prestige.

People are largely the same the wide world over, some seeking the glamour and the frivolities of life, while others like the mountains and the pleasant valleys, heavy with the perfume of blossoms, the blue sky, the sunsets and twilight; and here, as elsewhere, one can find whatever one seeks.

THE JAPANESE CARPET OF BAGDAD

(Continued from page 13)

sing-song voice of the Japanese interpreter occupying a diminutive pulpit at one side of the stage. The latter acted out, both by voice and gesture, every phase of the picture and maintained a continuous running comment on each scene which, translated, ran something like this:

"Now the Imperial One is alighting from his glorious limousine. See the four rows of decorations across his left breast which he wears as testimony of his great bravery. (Cheers.) Now he is condescending to address the President of France; now he is walking with the President and members of the latter's supreme council toward the monument where he will lay the decoration—the greatest honor which the Land of Nippon can bestow on a foreigner—on the grave of an unknown French soldier! See, now he places the decoration. (More cheers.) Let us trust that the ancestors of the soldier are duly grateful for the supreme honor conferred upon their representative by Our Mighty One! (Tremendous applause.) Now he is going to the harbor. There in the distance are the mighty dreadnaughts of the Japanese fleet. Are you not proud of them? See how their guns gleam in the sun—they reflect the glories of our flag. Three cheers for the flag! (They are given.) How fitting it is that our battle-ships should be in a foreign port; are you not proud?" (So on ad lib. for nearly two hours.)

Not to be outdone by the Western World, there are two Japanese producing companies located in a suburb of Tokyo. Their pictures, however, lack the narrative qualities of our productions and are more or less illustrated subtitles. Their camera work is not as fine, but attention to detail much superior. The Japanese public's taste has been whetted by the fast moving drama (fast in comparison to their own productions) and therefore have not merited the success they deserved at the hands of their own people. Another great factor in the success of the American pictures is the foreign locale. The Japanese know their own country, and therefore, unlike Americans, rejoice in new scenery, new life, new customs, and a new people. If they wish their own drama or a historical pageant they prefer attending the legitimate theatres or a "recitative" of history, acted out in one of the large multi-colored tents found in nearly every large city.

The "Little Brown Brother" is certainly a movie "fan" raised to the nth degree. He is greatly encouraged by his government, who realizes how greatly he is benefiting thereby. The land of Lafcadio Hearn is swiftly passing into the oblivion of the years, giving place to a keen, wide-awake, progressive nation.

The cry of "Buddha! Buddha! Let not my spirit become a fish!" is the one link that binds the past and present together.

WHAT A LUCKY CHAP I AM

(Continued from page 38)

part. A man who is ashamed of his parents, who won't fight for the woman he loves or who cringes beneath an insult represents a character that it has been impossible for me to assimilate. Since the portrayal of alien emotions is part of the art of acting, I suppose I must plead guilty to a failing here.

There's not much else to tell. I love a beautiful home with plenty of lawn and am fortunate enough to have one in Hollywood. I have a weakness for a high-powered automobile and a fondness for dogs. My propensity for afternoon teas is negligible. Outside of that I hope I am a normal, healthy American.

MY SISTER CONSTANCE

(Continued from page 7)

dances swept her into a prominent place in the critics' reviews.

Along about this time we both went into pictures. Our first work before the camera was under the direction of Maurice Tourneur. One day at tea Constance met Henry Hull, a young actor who had made a great hit in *The Man Who Came Back*, a play which ran for a long time in New York. She discovered that she had known him long before he had even thought of going on the stage—when he had been a law student and had been working in our father's law office. He told her that a playwright named Rachel Crothers was looking for a girl to play the leading feminine role in a play called *39 East*. He himself was to play the hero. He suggested, although he warned Constance not to build up her hopes, that there might be a chance for her to play the part. Of course she rushed off to see Miss Crothers, beautifully dressed, as she always is. In spite of the fact that the girl in the play was a plain little creature, Miss Crothers at once visualized Constance in the part and tried her out in it. Everybody knows the result. *39 East* established my sister as a popular leading woman and the next logical step was her starring contract in pictures. Next year she hopes to give to the stage, but, inasmuch as she loves pictures, she will never entirely desert them.

Just now we are having a perfectly good time together. It is almost three years since we have been able to live under our roof, for Constance has been on the coast making her pictures, and I have been working here in the East. I don't like the coast and I don't believe I shall ever go there to stay.

You have no idea how fine it is to have Constance at home. We live in a big, comfortable house—an old New York house which has been remodeled and brought up-to-date, but which still retains all of its roominess—and we are playing to our heart's content. Constance loves dogs, and we have two. Her special pet is Sonny, a huge English sheep dog, that looks like a gigantic poodle and is so playful and skittish that his size makes him look silly. He was brought from England by our uncle, Basil Miles. The other dog is a very dignified, very lazy terrier, who is as serene as Sonny is excitable. They make an ideal team of pets.

As you might infer when I speak of our English uncle, we are English descent. Our English blood comes from our father's side of the house. In fact, Constance was named after Constance Hopkins, an ancestor who, as the records show, came over on the Mayflower. On our mother's side we inherit an Italian strain. Constance and I are hoping to go to Europe this summer, and if we do we shall visit, among others, our cousin, the Princess Camporeale, who is lady-in-waiting to the dowager Queen of Italy. We are looking forward to enjoying some of the Italian festivals and court gaieties, but Constance, who has been about much more than I have, insists that there is no place like America, and I'm sure I'll agree with her. I almost always do.

THE POETRY OF DORIS KENYON

(Continued from page 15)

"I was compelled to hold my head absolutely immobile. If the light shifted for the fraction of a second the spell would have been broken, and the deer, released from the hypnotic light, would have sprung into the boat, upsetting us. I wasn't out to kill, so after a moment the guide quietly paddled back. As soon as I moved my head the deer bounded around and crashed through the woods.

"We went home in the early dawn," mused Doris, "and I wrote *The Hermit Thrush*."

Even as she associates Nature with our happier moods, she links our more philosophical ones, too.

"Most of us," musingly, "have an ambition in life. Even then, we seem to be seeking, seeking, seeking. Just what, we don't know. Maeterlinck dramatizes this in his beautiful fantasy, *The Blue Bird*. But when we seek in real life it is not a fantasy. It is a discordant part of us.

"The pity of it is that we attribute the 'it' we long for to be in the powers of others to give. And when they fail us, unless we are introspective and see clearly, our disappointments tend to form a barricade, distorting the clarity of our vision and raising mountains that wear us out. And so, after having the man in *The Seeker* disappointed through life, I find

*"Then to the desert turned his weary feet
The unattained still luring all his soul,
'Till his trained eyes athwart the dazzling heat
Beheld at length his goal."*

*"And there he digged with heart grown old
and seared,*

*Until he found the spring, when lo! he stood
Ringed around with mountains he himself had
reared,*

And perished in the solitude."

Doris' grateful appreciation of those who take an interest in her welfare finds adequate expression only in the music of poetry. One of her happiest poems is that to Louise Von Feilitzsch.

"Madame Feilitzsch," said Doris, "has done more to make me what I am than anyone else. When I first went to Madame to study voice, I had crooked teeth. I don't know what got into them to come that way, but they did. And I declared a flat NO to all entreaties to go to a dentist.

"Of course, no one with crooked teeth could be a success either as an actress or a concert singer. At least, I don't think so. But despite my dreams, the dentist was too much of a reality. They would have to dissolve and float into the Land of May Have Been.

"Then Madame took me in hand, and in that firm, kindly way of hers, had me going to a dentist before I knew quite what it was all about. What I suffered those four years nobody will ever know. But at least the impossible was surmounted. I owe everything to Madame," mused Doris. "Her spirit and her teachings have encouraged and inspired me through years of study and work, even as they do today."

And this is her appreciation:

*"Oh thou who in the shadow of an hour
When in the doubtful scale of blame or praise
Ambition quivered to defeat, couldst raise
A voice of cheer to give a faint heart power;
Oh thou who holdest as a priceless dower
That golden largess which, forsooth, outweighs
The richest gains of those whose empty days
Are passed in ignorance of Truth's white
flower—*

*Receive this song as a poor testament
Of what I feel, though yet it can but fail
To give e'en faintest voice to ardors blent
With gratitude, and hope no longer frail;
For that to me the sweeter faith is lent
Of fullest recompense beyond the Vail."*

So, in glimpsing the background that enables Doris Kenyon to express herself in "emotional and imaginative discourse," one cannot but think that it is exuberant and moodily imaginative Youth, abetted with a rich, sincere nature and a sensitive soul that vibrates and sings its reactions in the language of Parnassus.

INTRODUCING THE NORRISSES

(Continued from page 35)

In one of them she had pictured a quiet, respectable church fair. But the prospect of anything as unexciting as a religious bazaar made no appeal to the movie powers that be. So, to Mrs. Norris's horror, she beheld instead a mad county fair, rural and blatant, with pigs dashing in and out, upsetting pop stands, against a background of hot-dog emporiums and hayseeds innocently buying gilded bricks.

In another scene two brothers had quarreled, and the younger, wishing to do his self-conscious best to smooth things out, reached out a timorous hand, picking at the sleeve of the annoyed brother. That had no effect. And so, in a bolder attempt, he gradually ran his fingers up the brother's sleeve, hoping against hope that that little act of timid friendliness would attract the other's attention.

That is a little thing, to be sure. Unimportant, to a mind without imagining. But, properly done, it might be both moving and effective. But it was all too subtle for the scenario editor, who incidentally used to teach the gentle art of dramatic construction to students at Columbia. It occurred to him that the brother's attention might be much better attracted by having a girl near by playing with a frog, which, with a little urging, might be induced to jump kerplunk onto brother's neck.

Small wonder that there are gray hairs in Mrs. Norris's head.

However, they both think and hope that things are on the mend, so far as faithfulness to an author's intentions are concerned. They believe that a great step in that direction will be made when the author is allowed to work in close association with the producer, taking part in the consultations over the adaptation, and working in harmony with the director while the picture is being produced.

Mrs. Norris did just that during several months last winter, and she plans to follow the same course when she returns to Hollywood again in the near future.

So far as *Brass* is concerned, Mr. Norris seemed hopeful. He feels that the material for a picture is there, although the customary amount of incident and action may be lacking. But he had just come from a talk with the man who will produce it and he was heartened at the intelligence and the insight which the producer had shown. That gentleman seemed to realize that a picture might be based on characterization and, with luck, a definite spiritual quality, rather than on incessantly jumpy physical action.

In an ability to do that very thing, Mr. Norris sees hope for pictures in the future. Since we believe the same thing, we cheered loudly.

HOW POLISH IS POLA?

(Continued from page 24)

In fact, she was his guide through Paris.

And Pola knows her Paris, forward and backward. She knows all the haunts of the French aristocracy, for she is herself a countess, although she has discarded the husband who made her the Countess Dimorski. She knows the humbler haunts of the French capital, and she understands the emotions of *hoi polloi*, for she was herself a shopgirl not so many years ago.

In Wertheim's department store, on the Leipziger Platz in Berlin, back in the days when there was still a German Empire, there used to be a little black-haired girl at the ribbon counter named Paula Negri. Every week she collected her wages of fifteen marks. That used to amount to about four dollars in regular money. Now fifteen marks would not buy this magazine on the newsstands.

Paula had come to the big city from her home in Posen, in Poland. As a youngster she had learned to dance and to play the violin, but her accomplishments were so slight that selling ribbons seemed to be a more secure method of making a livelihood. She used to wish that she could get into the movies, and where is the girl who does not?

When the armistice plunged the Germans back into the peaceful pursuits of making entertaining films, a Berlin shopgirl, Paula Negri, was one of the first to apply at the Lubitsch studio for a job. Paula became Pola on the screen. Her meteoric plunge across the cinema heavens carried both her and Lubitsch to world fame. She isn't exactly beautiful, but her acting electrified us all in *Passion*. It brought her wealth and a titled husband, and the longest and heaviest rope of real pearls Ralph Kohn has ever seen.

"She's more like an American than any European I met abroad," said Mr. Kohn. "She resembles American women in that she knows how to dress. She's learning to speak English, and will be able to carry on a conversation before long as well as she does in French or German. But, of course, it seems most natural to her to speak in Polish, her native language.

"Her eyes are pitch black, and her hair is black with a greenish sheen. Her hats are always white, and usually have feathers on them, so that she is a study in black and white.

"She is unassuming, unspoiled, and makes excellent company. Of course, she likes attention, and she doesn't care how many men there are around, since they always admire her and make a fuss over her. Let her appear publicly in Paris, Berlin or New York and everybody will realize that a personage is among those present."

FROM STUDIO TO DEAD STORAGE VAULT

(Continued from page 19)

into circulation again at good rentals. Probably the most frequent reason for digging up a picture long dead and buried is commercial greed, in an attempt to benefit by another's advertising or reputation. A notable example of this was the revival of *The Three Musketeers* made years ago when the publicity campaign for the Fairbanks picture was launched. The same thing occurred when D. W. Griffith presented *Way Down East*, and when a repetition of it threatened *The Two Orphans* he changed the title to *Orphans of the Storm*. The one-reel stories which Mr. Griffith made for Biograph were put out again and his name exploited when subsequent effort had established him as the master director.

Shortly after the movies were born, William S. Hart made a lot of poor-grade Western stuff when he was a much less finished actor, when his salary was paltry and his name unknown. Today, when he is at the pinnacle of his fame, his latest production may be running on Broadway, while a cheap downtown theatre is showing three ancient films recut and titled to make one story of feature length. His name here figures as prominently as elsewhere, with nothing to indicate that the picture wasn't photographed after the one on Broadway. Legislation should right these wrongs.

Four thousand features apart from scenics, educational, and the like, have been produced in the last five years. How many can stand the test of time? With the advancement of the mechanics and the art of the cinema, let us hope that some day the screen will have its classics and film libraries will be instituted so that what we strive to make perfection today will be enjoyed by others a hundred years hence.

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THE RECONSTRUCTION PROBLEM OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 10)

their own. One American concern entered the Australian field six years ago with six per cent of the total film business. Today it has more than sixty per cent of all the film business and is making plans for a great expansion in its activities in that field.

Coming nearer home, one finds the American picture completely enthroned in South and Central America, although portions of this section of the globe are yet to be exploited in any important degree. Brazil, Argentina, Chile and Uruguay are important buyers of American films. Four years ago this market was dominated by French and Italian companies, but the war opened the door of opportunity for the Americans by putting a damper upon the activities of the European exporters.

What few American films had reached this market in the days before the war had made a sorry showing when compared with the European pictures, due chiefly to the fact that South America was looked upon by American firms as a dumping ground for their cheap and worn-out films. Most of the pictures offered for sale in these markets could easily be classified as junk without danger of libel. The styles worn by the women players were old and out-of-date, inasmuch as these were films which had long since ceased to possess a market in the United States. As the gowns and hats worn by the feminine players are always the center of interest with the senoras and señoritas, these old American productions made a sorry showing.

During the war it occurred to a few American companies that South America offered an unrivaled field for the exportation of the best and most modern pictures, and began shipping their latest features to Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Montevideo and Santiago. These productions caught on quickly and as the supply of European productions gradually waned there was a quickened demand for the highest grade American pictures. Since that time American films have predominated and today, with Europe back in the export field, are so solidly entrenched as to defy the efforts of outsiders to displace their hold upon the market. Leading Latin-American exhibitors have been quoted freely as saying that they would not change back to European productions on any terms. The great majority of houses show American pictures exclusively.

This state of affairs so depressed an old-time exhibitor of Buenos Aires that he determined to restore the good old days when European films were the feature in every show. He opened his own theatre and announced that that portion of the populace which had grown tired of seeing the American pictures could now see European pictures exclusively in his theatre. He did not stay in business very long, however, as the motion picture populace showed little or no disposition to bring back the old times.

One of the chief reasons for the success of American pictures has been the quickened interest felt in American affairs by South Americans, brought about when the war began throwing the commercial interests of the two hemispheres more closely together. Another is the lavish manner of producing pictures, the beautiful gowns and clothing worn by the woman players, and the smoothly moving, rapid-fire type of story. The Latin-American just now is keenly interested in learning more about his northern brother, and is a keen student of all films portraying conditions in domestic and business life. Wild West stories, Indian life and the crude melodramas of bygone days are no more the pop-

ular pictures in the South American markets. Instead, the story of big business or high society life has established a great vogue. The South American has discovered that film styles in America are just as good as those exhibited in the French films, and this has been an important factor in the tremendous growth of the export business with South America.

South America has approximately 1,200 motion picture theatres today. These are concentrated in Brazil, Argentina and Chile to a large extent. The northern half of South America has scarcely been touched, and this applies largely to all of Central America. Lack of proper transportation facilities has been a big handicap to the exploitation of this territory on a profitable basis. Theatres are few and far apart, but this condition will be remedied somewhat within the next few years.

While it is impossible to estimate accurately the present needs of Central and South America in the way of theatres, there is no doubt but that several hundred new theatres are required and will be built within the next few years. Any serious attempt to open the undeveloped territories will, of course, make necessary the building of scores of other theatres.

Because of the tremendous profits made by exhibitors in America and Europe, capital has not been wanting to further the ambitions of the motion picture industry. Hundreds of millions will be expended within the next ten or fifteen years for the erection of theatres here and abroad.

The elimination of the old-fashioned, haphazard system of doing business in favor of a more sedate and orderly arrangement, has enabled the industry as a whole to place itself on a sound financial footing. Hard-headed business men are running the film business today, and it can truthfully be said that the industry's business methods have been revolutionized in the last few years.

Now that the best business minds of the European countries are engaged in the arduous pastime of balancing budgets and cutting down governmental costs, there is little opportunity for the physical development of the motion picture industry. England has made excellent progress in the work of reducing its expenditures to conform to its revenues and will undoubtedly take the lead in the construction of new theatres. France is expected to follow this leadership and the other nations will fall into line as their respective problems are solved.

Central Europe, including Germany, has approximately 6,000 theatres, catering to a population of more than 200,000,000. It will be many years before the full tide of prosperity is restored in the numerous small nations developed by the treaty of Versailles, but the day is not far distant when theatre building will be undertaken in a limited way. Czecho-Slovakia, one of the soundest and most prosperous of the new countries, is expected to take the leadership in this work.

Eager eyes will be turned toward Russia and its 150,000,000 people once peace and order are permanently restored. Hundreds of theatres will be required to heal the mental scars of the years of famine, pestilence and gloom into which the once great nation was plunged by its adventures into sovietism. When he has the time and mood the Russian stands second only to the American as a motion picture fan. Today he is too busy warding off hunger and disease to pay a thought to his amusements.

Although the movies have penetrated into every civilized corner of the globe, their conquest of the world is far from complete. The potential possibilities of the future are, as one can readily see, sufficient to stagger the imagination of the industry's leaders.



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A MOST FAMILIAR FACE

(Continued from page 33)

as planned gave considerably and by the time we had crossed the chasm it just cleared the ground with the loops in which we sat.

"There was an immediate close-up to register relief on Mr. Duncan's part and me almost overcome with fear and faintness. I did not have to act. One of the camera men said that I did a pretty piece of dramatic acting, but he didn't know, nor anybody else, that I simply was being natural.

"Since those first days I have done many 'stunts.' I have dived off a bridge into the water a distance of many more feet than twenty. But I have never gotten over the first momentary feeling of fear. On the other hand, I have ridden my horse at a mad gallop at full speed along a narrow path blasted into the side of a mountain, with a yawning abyss a few feet off. One misstep meant death, yet I never felt the slightest qualm because it was exciting. You can never really tell though when you are going to be afraid. But the life is a thrilling one and makes you athletic and healthy. It is also wonderful to go out on location in beautiful sections of the country and camp for days. My mother loves to go with me for really it is vacationing."

"Are you glad to rest from serial work?" I asked. I referred to special five-reel productions which Mr. Duncan and Miss Johnson have been doing lately.

"No—," she hesitated, "I don't look at it exactly that way. I shall always enjoy serial work, but this is a change and an enjoyable one. Mr. Duncan still keeps on supplying thrills. In *Where Men Are Men*, he and Sailor Tom Wilson fought. It was awful the way they cut each other up. Mr. Wilson ended in the hospital with broken ribs and Mr. Duncan had two black eyes and a mashed thumb. I had to stand there through it all. I would much rather have jumped off a cliff. And then in *Steelheart*, Mr. Duncan fought a bear. The creature scratched him considerably and tore his riding suit to pieces. "Oh, yes," she laughed, "serials are not the only exciting form of screen drama."

BILL DUNCAN'S EARLY TRAINING FOR THE SCREEN

(Continued from page 23)

east or west in order to return to my home.

I actually was lost, and this, on top of my various and numerous mishaps through the day, caused me to feel quite panicky. When the ebb tide of my feelings had been reached, a man came along who lived next door to us.

I told the man that I wasn't exactly sure how to get back home and would appreciate returning with him. He agreed and invited me to have some ice cream.

In Scotland we hadn't been given much to luxuries, and the only time that I had ever tasted ice cream was in the form of "hokey pokey," served from a street wagon. So, upon entering one of the gorgeous American ice cream parlors, I was astounded when a fifteen-cent dish of ice cream was placed before me. It looked sufficient for a dozen people. I struggled and eventually finished it, but am sorry to state that I carried it as far as the street only. By this time I was a forlorn-looking object, still retaining, however, my marvelous torch. We proceeded homeward.

Entering the flat quietly, I stepped into the bathroom to deposit my torch, which I then blew out and placed under the bathtub. Returning to the dining room and mingling with the rest of the family, various remarks were made concerning my absence. An explanation was asked relative to the huge bruise upon my forehead. I do not recollect how this was explained.

Sufficient to say that in a short while everyone had settled down and I fell to thinking of my torch once more. I must have another look at it. So, possessing myself of some matches, I went to the bathroom and lit the torch, turned out the light and sat on the edge of the bathtub in blissful contemplation of it.

By this time practically all the oil had been consumed and the torch was beginning to smoke badly, no doubt casting a smudge odor throughout the flat. I was just debating on how I could secure a fresh supply of oil when I heard my father approaching the bathroom.

I blew the torch out. My father opened the door, looked in and remarked, "I thought so. Come out of there." I didn't realize it at the time, but the fact that the oil was all gone put the wick in such a condition that when I blew the light out a red, fiery end glowed in the darkness. I couldn't understand what father wanted and hastily concealed the torch under the bathtub and went to him.

"Give me those cigarettes," he demanded. I couldn't understand where he had gained the impression that I was smoking and protested that I had no cigarettes. He insisted that I had.

After quite a heated session, during which my mother came in and wished to know the particulars, my father told her that he had seen the glowing end of a cigarette when he opened the bathroom door.

Immediately it dawned upon me that it was my torch. I proceeded to the bathroom and returned with the torch, thus proving one of the few real alibis of history. This resulted in my almost getting another chastising because I might have set the house afire.

I went to bed that night sore both in body and mind. But youth recuperates quickly and in a few days I was figuring how long it would be before the glorious Fourth would roll around again. To that eventful day, my first Fourth of July in America, I attribute my interest in the science of explosives, which has proved of great value to me in my present business. Also, I attribute to that day and to my father's efforts the fact that I never have adopted the practice of smoking cigarettes.

I smoke cigars.

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Here's the opportunity the picture lover has needed to tell producers the kind of moving pictures wanted and not wanted

THE FORUM—Filmlay's New Department

Beginning in this issue—See page 44

CONTEST

Not only do you have the opportunity to *Plan Your Own Pictures*, but to make it more interesting we will have a monthly contest beginning with the July issue on the theme, "*What Would You Do If You Had Mr. Hays' Job?*"

CONDITIONS

For the best article we will pay \$5.00, for second \$3.00, for third \$2.00, and others accepted and used \$1.00 each. Articles limited to 200 words. Write clearly on one side of the sheet. Unused articles returned only when accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelope.

Subject for THE FORUM—August Issue—"Things I Don't Like in Moving Pictures"

Address, FORUM EDITOR FILMPLAY, 15 East 40th Street, New York City

THE SERIOUS SIDE OF THE WOMEN OF THE SCREEN

(Continued from page 36)

found emotionalism with love. That is, because they have never been taught to expect physical attraction, or attractions. And so, when they do encounter it, as they do, of course, they believe it to be love, no matter in whom it is first made manifest to them. Often a girl of seventeen will believe herself in love with, and marry, the first boy whose adolescent kiss happens to thrill her. She experiences a corresponding emotion, and supposes it to be love! Surely a thrill is not love. Love is a very different thing. It is more of the thing we feel, or should feel, for our fellow-men, for Humanity—a desire to help; kinship, sympathy, a profound, inalienable friendship.

"If Youth could weather those dangerous years, marriage would become a more solid, a more sincere, a more dignified state than it is, as a whole, today.

"I believe in every woman having a profession, or having to have to work. I also believe in the economic independence of women. I think that any condition tending to develop the individual as an individual is for good. I am thoroughly an individualist, but I think there is a wiser, more comprehensive and more tolerant definition of individualism than the one in common usage.

"Women are apt to stagnate. Housework is never exhilarating at best, and any woman chained to domestic routine is bound to dull, to fade, if not physically, then mentally, which is worse.

"But, after all is said and done, it seems to me that too much stress is laid on the 'new' woman—as though a new race had been born. The new woman is own sister to the old woman. The woman of Today is absolute kin of the woman of Yesterday. The war, for one thing, has simply helped her to loosen her fetters; to try her own mettle; to realize her own strength. She has always had this strength; she simply has never used it before quite in the same way. She has seen the light, and she has proven her courage—for she is not afraid to look at it."

OUT OF THE WEST

(Continued from page 47)

Valentino won his first big success, has made the film version of this novel also. For years Miss Mathis has been the mainstay of the Metro studio, and it must seem odd to her to be doing continuities for anyone else.

Another stage play which will shortly find its way into pictures is the Fay Bainter play, *East Is West*. Joseph Schenck has bought the rights to the play for Constance Talmadge. It is said that the picture will be made jointly in California and China. But we have heard that story before, and from past experience with such statements we suppose that a Chinese street behind the fence of some Hollywood studio is about as close to the Orient as the company will get.

Cecil DeMille is back at the Lasky studio after a hunt with falcons in North Africa, which resulted in his catching a rotten attack of inflammatory rheumatism. He will begin work shortly on a story by Miss Macpherson, suggested by a novel by Alice Duer Miller. Since the little huff which overtook Miss Fanny Hurst because of what they did to her *Star Dust*, the wary scenario writers have hit upon the brilliant idea of having their scenarios "suggested" by the novels they are adapting. It's a good idea.

Jackie Coogan is going to do a version of *Oliver Twist*. Lasky did it several years ago with Marie Doro as the wayward Oliver. Jackie will be considerably less mature a pick-pocket in training, but it will be interesting to see what he can do with the role. That excellent character actor, Lon Chaney, will act Fagin. If our memory serves, Theodore Roberts played the part in the earlier production.

Marshall Neilan announces the completion of his latest picture, which is to be called *Fools First*. It has an important cast, including Richard Dix, Claud Gillingwater, Claire Windsor, Raymond Griffith and George Seigmann.

Mr. Dix seems to have forsaken Goldwyn pictures for the moment. He will appear next as one of the leading men in Betty Compson's latest picture.

Edna Purviance is shortly to appear as a star on her own hook. No one deserves it more than she. And from advance reports it looks as if Mr. Chaplin were to be the impressario.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUG. 24, 1912

Of Filmlay Journal, published monthly at Indianapolis, Ind., for April 1, 1922.
State of Indiana }
County of Marion } ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. J. Dobyns, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Filmlay Journal, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of Aug. 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Magazine Corporation, Indianapolis, Ind.; Editor, Harold Harvey, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Wm. J. Dobyns, Indianapolis, Ind.

2. That the owners are:
Cornelius Printing Company
Geo. M. Cornelius, Indianapolis, Ind.
William J. Dobyns, Indianapolis, Ind.
A. M. Cornelius, Indianapolis, Ind.
Geo. M. Cornelius, Indianapolis, Ind.
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities, are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

WILLIAM J. DOBYNS,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1922.

[Seal]

ANNA M. MORGAN,

Notary Public.

My commission expires Jan. 27, 1924.

Menu of Anniversary Number

July FILMPLAY

From "Soup to Nuts"—A Mental Banquet for Every American Home

Served
IN COURSES ——— or ——— A LA CARTE

Screen Stars

By Those Who Know Them Best

A study of the lovely star, Florence Vidor, written by her husband and director, King Vidor.

Around the World

With the Movies

Janet Flanner's breezy article on the picture situation as it exists in Rome in *Thumbs Down on Roman Movies*.

Fashions

As Mae Murray Sees Them

Timely suggestions on this world-old subject and very popular with feminine readers.

Film Feminists

One of a Series

Gladys Hall's fourth article on the serious-minded women of the screen, in which Lillian Gish tells her views.

Editorial

And Editor's Pages

FILMPLAY readers look forward with keen interest each month to these pages. Timely movie topics are carefully discussed.

A "Cut-Back"

On Douglas Fairbanks

Being the personal reminiscences of Virginia Thatcher, "who knew him when——"

Ask Dad

He Knows

He is kept busy by his FILMPLAY friends and has some very hard "nuts to crack," but does so with interest to all readers. Try him and see.

East and West

Studio Activities

Newsy, concise previews, telling of what is in the making, news of favorite actors and actresses, etc.

The Movie Crowd

Being a study of the audiences which pack the picture theatres. You, perhaps, have studied them yourself—you will enjoy this article.

Views About Previews

FILMPLAY endeavors each month to separate the "sheep from the goats" in this department, covering the more prominent releases—know before you go.

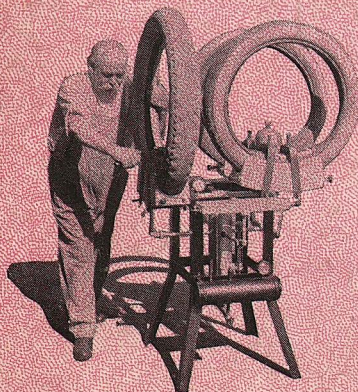
EIGHT FULL PAGE PICTURES OF SCREEN FAVORITES

And Several Special Articles of Interest

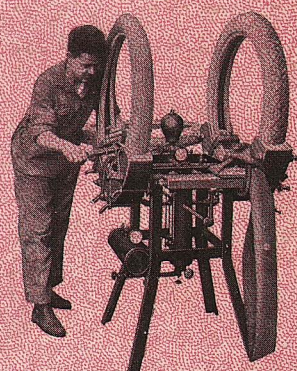
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Discuss Important Screen Problems

FILMPLAY—The Screen's Distinctive Magazine



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